National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT....WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. NO. 49. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1853. WHOLE NO. 673.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, Two DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street.

Pro-Slavery.

For the (N. Y.) Christian Advocate and Journal.

SLAVERY.

DEAR DR. BOND: I send you a few reflections on that exciting subject that keeps Church and State in a turmoil, and which, it is to be feared, will prove the ruin of both. I do not expect that anything I can say will stay the raging waves, or silence the tumultuous babbling; but if I can add the weight of a straw to soften the asperities of passion, and to the return of peace and quiet in Church and State, I shall be abundantly compensated.

I lately took some numbers of the Northern *Advocate* for the purpose of finding a certain article, and, as I turned over the pages, I saw that many of the articles were on Slavery: and that there were many hard thrusts at those who take the reconciling course between the North and the South; and that many of the pistols and pop-guns were pointed at Dr. Bond. And as I do not think it fair for so many to be shooting at one old faithful soldier, it occurred to my mind the course I would take, were I in the Doctor's place; I would say to them as Nehemiah said to Sanballat and Tobiah: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease while I leave it, and come down to you?" And if they continued their onsets, I would say, like Nehemiah, in the next verse: "Yet they sent unto me four times after this sort, and I answered them after the former manner." Or, I would give the anecdote of Judge Olin (father of Dr. Olin), who, while presiding at Court, was much annoyed by the impertinence of a young lawyer during the forenoon session of the Court. When they were all seated at table, one of the older members of the bar said to the judge (the erring one being by), "Why did you suffer such impestinence from that youngster?" Said the judge, "I will tell you a story:

"My father had a little dog—a mere whiffet—and he used to go out nights, and look up and bark at the moon."

"Well, what then?" said the other.

"Why, nothing," said the judge; "only the moon kept on as though nothing had happened."

It has been said that "too much of one thing is good for nothing;" and I think that so much "Nigger! nigger!" in these northern regions is disgusting. If I were going fishing, and were to go on the top of the Alleghany or Green Mountains, where there is not a drop of water, instead of going to Cape Cod, could I expect to be successful in the undertaking?

In the rules and directions to ministers by the founders of the Church, it is said, "Be careful to adapt your discourses to your congregation." Now, if a preacher were to go where he knew that all were Sabbath-keeping and Church going people, and pour out awful denunciations against Sabbath-breakers, &c., would he not make a strange selection for his subject? So, likewise, to keep thundering out anathemas against slaveholders in these regions, where there is not a soul that ever had a slave, is (to change the figure) wasting the ammunition where there is no game; and worse, frequently wounding human beings with such careless discharges. If the hot Abolitionists want to preach on the subject, let them go to the South, where Slavery exists. But, then, instead of thundering out their denunciations, I would admonish them to advise masters and servants, like the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who said: "Servants, be obedient to your masters, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. And ye, masters, do the same, forbearing threatening knowing that one is your Master in heaven."

I would say to the master, "You are a servant; be ye therefore merciful as your Master in heaven is merciful." And to the servant, "Though you are a servant, yet you are the Lord's freeman. Wait ye, therefore, patiently till the Lord, in his providence, shall open the way in which you shall be restored to the land of your fathers, and to your own inheritance."

I verily believe that all the Abolition-agitation has served to rivet the chains still tighter on the slaves—to irritate and sour the minds of the masters, and to render the matter more intolerable in every respect. And as for the most noisy Abolitionist, I do not know but some of them are sincere, and have some feeling for the blacks; but I do know others who make that subject their hobby, that I would not give one dime for all they would give out of their pocket to set the whole race free. This nigger subject has rent asunder our Church, and has come exceedingly nigh rending this glorious Union in twain; and if this everlasting agitation is kept up, it will accomplish the awful deed.

I never attended but one real Abolition Convention, and that was enough to convince me of their evil tendency. The speakers were the best they had—from New England, Syracuse, &c. One of them, at least, bore the title of Reverend (what a misnomer!), and he, like the others, poured out a tirade of abuse against the most eminent rulers of our nation, calling them by name, as Clay, Webster, &c., and not sparing our Chief Magistrate, Fillmore—saying, they had all sold themselves to the South, to work wickedness, and to perpetuate Slavery.

And they did not spare the ministers of religion; but did not hesitate to heap the most opprobrious epithets upon all who did not endeavour to maintain their views by the most spirited harangues. They exhorted the people to resist the laws (though they said they were not laws, but only the resolves of the South, with a few Northerners with southern faces), and to shoot down the commissioners and slave-hunters; and, to enforce their doctrine, said and repeated, "I would do it." They praised without stint the mob at Syracuse that rescued Jerry, and earnestly exhorted all to go and do likewise. They exhorted all to agitate and agitate, and to trample the laws under their feet.

I verily thought they had forgotten the divine direction which has come down to us by inspiration, which saith, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God: whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." And seeing they are such sticklers for a higher law, they would do well to take heed unto it. Now, Doctor, I would not have it inferred, from anything that I have said, that I am an advocate for Slavery—far from it. I could heartily wish that it had never obtained in this otherwise land of liberty. But it was introduced here while we were yet British colonies, and has grown up with our growth; and now the most quiet and safe way to have it exterminated is greatly to be desired; but that matter rests with the Church South, and with the Slave States respectively.

But what would be the consequence if every slaveholder were at this moment to knock off the fetter-bands (as the Abolition lecturers say), and let every bondman go free? Such a state of anarchy and disorder would obtain as was never seen in these States before. Slavery has obtained through all ages of the Old and New Testaments; and I have not been able to find any severe maledictions against masters for having servants; not yet, where a catalogue of the vices and sins of the human race are enumerated, is this subject ever included. But we find that Christ, in many of his parables and admonitions, recognises the existence of master and servant, without one denunciation against either. We admit that under the old dispensation one kind of servants was to be set free once in fifty years, which was the jubilee: but it is immediately added, "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land, and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever." Now is it not strange that some of our people should make this the *ne plus ultra*—the sin of all sins—so that no slaveholder or slave can be a Christian, or should be permitted to have a place in the Church? Let the everlasting agitators of this subject ponder well whether they are doing God service, or are kindling up the fires of discord that have rent the Church in sunder; and, if continued, will ere long arouse the South against the North, and deluge our land with fire and sword.

But as I designed to say but a few words on this subject, I will stop; for I fear that you will not find this scrip to be *multum in parvo*.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

Lima, February 16, 1853.

Lima is in the Western part of New York, and in a Hosmerite district. The above communication, together with many private letters, gives us confidently to believe that the conferences in this part of the State will be yet found true to Methodism in every future struggle.—*Christian Advocate and Jour.*

Selections.

THE following correspondence we find in two late numbers of *The* (London) *Inquirer*. The first letter has been copied, with some introductory words of commendation, into the (Boston) *Christian Register*; but the second has not appeared in that paper. The *Register* occasionally expresses disapprobation of Slavery, and a desire that the system shall be abolished; the evidence it gives of its sincerity is in frequent acts like this to which we now refer.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

An article of the *London Anti-Slavery Advocate* for January, containing an account of the Rev. Francis Bishop's protest against Slavery at a collation given to the members of the Unitarian Convention and their friends then assembled at Baltimore, Maryland, ends with the remark that "another English minister (myself) did not see fit to support his brother in the manly testimony he bore against Slavery." In reply to this remark, I beg to say that *my motive* for silence on that subject on that occasion was the same that prompted *Mr. Bishop's speech*, and that this motive was, *pity for the slave*. This Mr. B. himself knows; for immediately after the meeting, he asked me if I thought he was right in speaking as he did on that occasion. I replied, "You certainly were right to do what you judged to be right, but the judgment itself I think was a mistaken one. I believe you did harm rather than good to the slave by speaking of his wrongs at a meeting convened for such a different purpose." This was also the opinion of an intelligent member of the Baltimore Unitarian Society, who remarked that "probably almost all the members of this Society hate Slavery as much as Mr. B. does; but that they believed the mention of the subject *on such occasions*, especially by a stranger to the country, rather tended to retard than promote the cause of abolition. Which party was right, in their opinion, I will not now discuss; but as Mr. B. well knows that the difference between us was not on the question, whether Slavery is a curse to be abolished (for in this we both agreed), but as to whether his speech on that evening was likely to aid its abolition. He has, perhaps, in the February number of the *Advocate*, or through some other medium, been so kind as to correct the false impression which its January paragraph could scarcely fail to give to my far distant friends. If it were not absolutely necessary that I should disabuse the minds of my many dear and honoured friends in England of the impression that the above paragraph would naturally convey, I should be ashamed to say what I have done in reference to Slavery; both in public and in private I have borne testimony against it; privately, in conversation with some of the best men in Boston; publicly, in an address delivered to my own Society on the last Thanksgiving Day; but, indeed, whether it be public or private, whether Baltimore speech or Boston address, of anything and everything that either of us has yet done, we may both well be ashamed, in view of the work which remains to be done. May I now say a few words on the general subject of abolition. The tendency of certain Abolitionists to condemn all those as traitors to the cause of freedom who happen to differ from them as to the best means of obtaining it for the slave, is plainly as irrational as it is unjust. One great lesson Abolitionists should surely learn from their past experience is, that every insinuation of unworthy motives in reference to those who differ from them in judgment, every rash and ill-judged movement, however inspired by good intention, every passionate word against slaveholders, every attempt thus to overcome evil by evil, will assuredly fail, and postpone instead of hastening the emancipation of the slave. Christ gives no weapons to his soldiers but those tempered in his own holy fire. As far as I can judge from my short stay in the country, none of the present agencies for the purpose are competent to effect abolition. Some of them are well known to every intelligent and impartial observer to have been the worst foes to the slave, and to have re-fastened his chains with tenfold tightness, at the very time when they were being loosened, and had well-nigh fallen off. I strongly suspect that no *direct* aggression on Slavery, whether of speech or action, is to prosper. Christianity is to be its victor, and Christianity has never yet overthrown the edifices of ancient evil by assaulting their pinnacles, but by undermining the foundations on which they rest. A woman's tale has done, and is doing, more against Slavery than the Abolitionist's sword. Christ did not level the tree of evil at a blow. He diffused an atmosphere in which it could not live. Slavery is a branch of the tree of selfishness; nothing can consume this tree but the fire of Christ's love. A new and more powerful diffusion of this spirit can alone consummate the destruction of Slavery: then is the minister of Christ the most efficient Abolitionist, when by word and life he spreads this spirit in his own particular church; such mode of action is indirect and unostentatious, but it was Christ's mode, and it is sure. If the North would speak to the South on this subject, as one brother to another, and with an earnest yet kindly desire to do what it can in aiding to remove the evil, the South would listen; but the best argument is vain when accompanied with menacing gesture. The gentle word of Christ has yet to be spoken on this subject: whence is it to come, but from his awakened church? At all events, let Abolitionists, while they differ in their plans of action, honour one another's motives, and learn that the spirit of truth now speaks with eloquent tongue, now lays its finger on its lip and is silent.

I have to apologize, sir, for the length of this communication; if too long for admission, will you curtail it according to your judgment?

Respectfully yours,

EDMUND SQUIRE,

Minister of the Second Hawes' Church,

Feb. 1st, 1853. South Boston.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—The letter of my friend, the Rev. Edmund Squire, of Boston, United States, in the *Inquirer* of Saturday week, on an article which appeared in the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for January, respecting the remarks which I felt it to be my duty to make on Slavery, when called upon to speak at the Autumnal Unitarian Convention held in Baltimore last October, calls for some notice at my hands. Mr. Squire complains of the paragraph in that article which states, that "another English minister did not see fit to support his brother in the manly testimony he bore against Slavery," and appears to regard it as having been incumbent upon me to come forward and defend him from the effect of this paragraph, by certifying, what he says I well know to be the fact, that his silence was dictated by "pity for the slave." I confess that this view of my friend takes me entirely by surprise. I should be sorry, indeed, to be wanting in the duties of friendship towards one whom I have known so long, and for whom I entertain so sincere a regard; but I cannot see that I am, in this case, open to the charge. Had I known anything of the article in question before it appeared in print, I most probably should have requested the omission of the reference to Mr. Squire; and I cannot but suspect that Mr. Squire must have imagined that the information upon which the article was founded was supplied by myself, or he would never have expected from me such an interference in regard to it as his letter indicates. I can, however, truly say that my first knowledge of the existence of the article was derived from the perusal of it after its publication, nor was it till I yesterday received the letter, from which I take the following extracts, that I obtained any clue as to its authorship. Were I at liberty to mention the name of my correspondent, it would command the respect of the readers of the *Inquirer*: "Mr. Squire," he says, "writes evidently under the presumption that you were, to some extent, privy (so at least I judge) to the article in the *Advocate*. I am certain, that until you saw it there, you could not have known of its existence; and it must be as obvious as it is true, that it was written entirely from the report in the *Christian Inquirer*. . . . What does Mr. S. think you were called upon to explain in the *Advocate*? It says Mr. S. did not support your view: he says, love to the slave prevented him. I see no 'false impression' conveyed, and certainly nothing for you to interfere with." Being, however, thus called upon, I have no hesitation in expressing my belief that Mr. Squire does from his heart abominate Slavery, and that I heard when in America from other sources as well as from himself, that he had freely uttered his sense of its turpitude in private conversations. But I feel bound to say, at the same time, that I deem him quite wrong in regarding all references to the sin of Slavery as inappropriate at a Convention of Christian men, and under the influence of a delusive hope, in thinking that the Church can ever be awakened to a sense of its duty, in connection with this fearful subject, if by tacit consent all allusion to it is on such occasions to be forbidden.

But, alas! the Church is not silent. It is worse than silent. It speaks too often on the side of the oppressor. During my voyage to the United States, I became acquainted with a highly intelligent and agreeable fellow-passenger, a resident of Charleston in South Carolina, who avowed to me that he was a small slaveholder. One day when conversing on the subject, he spoke very kindly of his slave nurse and her five children, though he did describe them as "his property, and part of what he was worth in the world, and good any day for at least 2,000 dollars." "You seem," said I, "to be interested in these children, are you getting them educated?" "Oh, no," he replied, "the law will not permit that, and for wise and benevolent reasons. Now, the slaves are the happiest peasantry in the world; but educate them, and you would make them miserable; you would excite hopes that can never be gratified; you would, as it were, give them a taste for opium, and then torture them by withholding the drug." "Do you think it right then," I asked him, "to uphold an institution that thus compels you systematically to repress the noblest faculties of the mind?" "I should not," was his reply, "if I did not regard it as a divine institution; we make it," he continued, "a biblical question, and divines of the most eminent piety and learning have proved it to be accordant with the revealed decrees of God. If you come our way, I will procure you a trunk full of such writings for about two dollars."

I believe this to be no exaggeration. In newspapers and reviews I constantly saw the Bible adduced in justification of Slavery, and whilst travelling in the South I met with a large octavo book of 637 pages, published last year at Natchez, by John Fletcher, of Louisiana, originally, to his shame be it said, from New England, entitled "Studies of Slavery," in which page after page of Hebrew and Greek citations are given from the Bible with the view of showing that Slavery is divine. When at Richmond, too, in Virginia, I was recommended, at the Baptist Book Depository, as a cure for my prejudices and scruples, to read a discussion between Professor Wayland and the Rev. Dr. Fuller, in which the latter divine attempts to baptize Slavery with Christian sanctions. Oh! truly there is nothing more sad than to see the Bible thus dishonoured, and Christianity wounded in the house of her friends, by being pressed into the service of so dark and daring an insult to the majesty of God, and so gross an outrage on the most sacred rights of man. Can we wonder, while this is the case, that so many Christians in America should feel themselves compelled, out of reverence to God, and allegiance to Christ, to withdraw from the communion of Christian churches?

I am glad that Mr. Squire has borne his testimony against Slavery in an address to his Society on last Thanksgiving-day. This is like himself, and what I should have expected from him. My friend will, however, excuse me for saying that I cannot reconcile his doing so with the opinion that "no direct aggression on Slavery, whether of speech or action, is to prosper," for an indirect testimony on such a subject would in effect be no testimony at all.

Mr. Squire quotes the opinion of a member of the Baltimore Convention, to the effect that my mention of the subject of Slavery on that occasion would tend rather to retard than promote Abolitionism, seeing that I was a "stranger to the country." This is an old objection. Nearly seventy years ago, our own Roscoe thus referred to it in his touching poem on "The Wrongs of Africa":

> "'A truce with declamation!' thus methinks,
> I hear some veteran trafficker in blood,
> Whose leisure—by repeated crimes, procured—
> Is used to justify those crimes, reply:
> 'Peace to your declamation, nor presume
> To judge another's feelings. Is it yours,
> A stranger to the scene, to tell the cares,
> The anxious days, the busy, restless nights,
> Devoted to the succour of the slaves?'"

But I do not think there were many present at the Convention in whom this spirit was called forth. The President of the meeting, of whose warm and friendly hospitalities I was a grateful partaker during my stay in Baltimore, and several other gentlemen for whom I entertain a deep and affectionate respect, told me that they thought it injudicious in me to introduce the topic on such an occasion and in a slave State, but none of them objected to the course I had taken (at least to me) on the ground of my not being an American citizen; whilst, on the other hand, several ministers cordially thanked me for what I had said. All objectors did me the justice to acknowledge that I spoke from a solemn sense of duty, and I will not insult the Convention by supposing that such an utterance, even though it did come from "a stranger to the country," would harden the heart of any against the dictates of justice and the claims of humanity.*

And here I might conclude; but I cannot do so without expressing my decided dissent from Mr. Squire's views as to the efforts of the Abolitionists. He says that "some of them are well known to every intelligent and impartial observer to have been the worst foes of the slave, and to have refastened his chains with ten-fold tightness, at the very time when they were being loosened, and had well-nigh fallen off." I cannot but think that my friend has, in this broad and sweeping statement, caught up hastily and without examination an assertion current in America, but, so far as I could ascertain, utterly unsustained by any semblance of proof. I frequently heard such an opinion expressed in the Northern States—chiefly, however, by those who show their pity for the slave by supporting the Fugitive Slave Bill—but I invariably asked in vain for the facts on which it was based; and whilst in the South, I could discover no trace of such an influence. I think there is about as much reason in the remark, and no more, as there would be in the assertion that the efforts of the Temperance Reformers in this country had riveted the chains upon the drunkard with tenfold tightness.

An eminent Unitarian clergyman of the United States, not himself connected with the Abolitionists, told me some four years ago, that the progress of Anti-Slavery sentiment in America was, in his opinion, mainly owing to the unswerving fidelity, the single-minded devotedness, and the magnanimous persistency of the Abolitionists; and all that I saw in the States went to confirm this view. Even Harriet Beecher Stowe's book would have called forth, I believe, no such gratifying response as it has now awakened in the Northern States, had it been published twenty years ago, before the public mind and conscience had been, to some extent, roused up by the labours of these faithful pioneers; and it is probable it would have been denounced, as it now is in the slave States, as a pestilent and mischievous book.

I will not say that the Abolitionists have never gone, in their language, beyond the bounds of wisdom and justice; that they have never in the fervour of their zeal overlooked admirable virtues in their condemnation of what they deemed unfaithfulness to the cause of the down-trodden slave; but it seems to me petty and unworthy trifling to dwell on such things, and to forget their noble and magnanimous qualities, their self denying Christian virtue, their steadfast fidelity to human freedom, their chivalric devotedness to the cause of the oppressed, and their indomitable perseverance, through good report and through evil, in the assertion of the sacred and God-given rights of their brethren in bonds. I venerated these noble men and women, when at a distance from them, for their public labours; and since I have had the privilege of mingling with them in the hours of social converse and privacy, I love them for their personal and domestic virtues.

I would not be a defender of language needlessly harsh and severe; but, to use the words of Channing when bolding a similar charge against Birney, "we must not mistake Christian benevolence as if it had but one voice, that of soft entreaty. It can speak in piercing and awful tones." And, truly, when I witnessed, in Richmond, on the 4th and 5th of August last year, the cruel separation and breaking up of families at the slave auctions; when I saw unmanly insults offered to defenceless women, to daughters in the presence of their mother, to the mother in the presence of her children; when I beheld a poor emaciated young woman, trembling on the verge of the grave, dragged to the block by order of the Commissioner of the Virginian Court of Chancery, and sold to pay the debts of her owner; when I witnessed the jeers and scoffs which the poor victim's suffering appearance called forth; when I heard one dollar bid for her, by way of ridicule in the midst of a volley of brutal laughter, and afterwards saw her knocked down for fifteen dollars; when I looked on the scarred and naked backs of men, women, and children, who were thus treated like human chattle; when I witnessed other proceedings at these sales, too grossly shocking and flagrantly indecent to admit of even the most general and guarded description, no human language could adequately express the feelings which stirred my spirit to its centre. I cannot, therefore, regard it as an unpardonable offence, if the men and women, whose minds are constantly dwelling upon atrocities such as these, should sometimes be moved to cry aloud in terms of solemn warning and burning indignation.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

FRANCIS BISHOP.

Liverpool, 9th March, 1853.

* I might, indeed, claim some right to speak to an American assemblage on the subject of Slavery, on other grounds than those of a common faith, and a common humanity. Ever since the Fugitive Slave Bill passed, I have, in the course of my labours as a minister at large, been called upon from time to time, to aid the victims of this cruel and wicked law; and even now, as I write, I have two fugitives in my house, who have been driven from their homes, their wives and their children, to escape being sent back once more into the house of bondage.

C. M. CLAY AND THOMAS CORWIN.

THE following letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* was prompted by a statement of one Major Perry, who asserted that he heard from Mr. Corwin the words quoted by Mr. Clay:

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 8, 1853.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:

In the *Enquirer* of this date you have the following extract, from the Southern *Patriot*, of the "piquant saying of the inimitable Tom": "He said they were a whining, canting, praying set of fellows, who kept regular books of debit and credit with the Almighty. They would lie and cheat all the week, and pray off their sins on Sunday. If they steal a negro, that made a very large entry to their credit, and would cover a multitude of peccadilloes and frauds. This kind of entry they were always glad to make, because it cost them nothing. When they could not steal a negro, they gave something in charity for the extension of the Gospel, and then commenced a system of fraud and cheating, till they thought they had balanced accounts with their God." And you add: "He has, it is understood, purchased property in Kentucky as a residence."

Whether Thomas Corwin includes me, who have contended, in my own State, for emancipation on the soil, among the Abolitionists, I know not. It is the policy of the Slave Party and their *renegades* to render odious the most ultra of the opponents of Slavery, and then use that odium for the overthrow of all the friends of justice and liberty. For my part, I am willing to come under this category; for, inasmuch as I would use *all* the opponents of Slavery in the world for its overthrow, so I must not avoid the consequences of my associations. At one time the Abolitionists are held up as invidious knaves, at another as one-idead fanatics, who are void of moral responsibility, and unfit to administer any Government! They cannot be both! They are neither one nor the other. But I do not propose to defend them—history will do that—but to repel the calumny of the ex-Secretary. If the Abolitionists were as base as Corwin represents, it is right they should be exposed. Although a war of personalities is always repugnant to a gentleman, yet, if he thinks they are (even though they are not) as he says, I have no objection to the utterance.

But when Thomas Corwin tells not only what is untrue, but what I know he *believes* to be untrue, not only self-defence, but the instincts of a generous indignation at unprovoked and ungrateful wrong compels me to hold him up to public reprobation.

When Mr. Clay was the candidate for the Presidency, in 1844, Thomas Corwin and I spoke daily for a long time, through Ohio, in company. That battle was fought in the North at least upon Anti-Slavery—"Abolition" principles, the friends of Slavery perpetuation being avowedly in favour of the annexation of Texas, with a view of keeping up a balance of power in the Senate, by the acquisition of more slave States; and the friends of Jeffersonian republicanism, holding that Slavery was an evil—*tolerated*—but to be extinguished in due time—North and South—standing for Henry Clay, and against Texas annexation. I came from a slave State, embittered in my feelings against the slave party by recent personal and political contests, yet in the speeches made by Thomas Corwin, the slaveholders were so heartily denounced that my sensibilities as a Southern man were continually susceptible. I am an habitual reader of Wm. L. Garrison's *Liberator*, and Garrison never surpassed him in heartfelt hatred of Slavery and slaveholders. His now slaveholding friends will gather some idea of his abated ire when they review his celebrated speech in the Senate, where he awarded me and other volunteers in Mexico his aspirations of "bloody hands and hospitable graves!" But what struck me as most remarkable in the "inimitable Tom" was his indulgence in "whining, canting and praying" in his speeches! I have been in the furor of revivals, and the wild enthusiasm of the bivouacked camp-meeting, and never did unctious Methodist parson move me to tears like the "inimitable Tom!" And to such extremes did "Tom" carry his scriptural quotations that he got to be a decided bore; and I severely criticised his want of taste—and what was, to me, irreverent as the slave-christians would have me—almost blasphemy! He then defended himself upon the ground that no people were so conscientious and devout as these same Abolitionists, whom he now denounces as knaves!

If the Abolitionists "cheat" and "steal," the reproach comes with a bad grace from the chief beneficiary of the Gardner swindle. And however guilty we may be, it adds but little to our penitence to be lectured by a man who now has, *dishonestly, our money in his pocket!*

The truth is, Thomas Corwin is nothing else but a mercenary renegade. Of humble origin and a professed Whig, there has been no time in the last twenty years that he could have been elected to office without the votes of the Abolitionists and labourers of Ohio. With considerable flippancy of speech, caricature, mimicry and pantomime, added to his soubriquet of the "wagon boy," and his professed Abolitionism, he ascended much higher in the political scale than his talents or true merits deserved. He aspired to lead the liberal party in these States by steady efforts which culminated in his notorious Mexican war speech—which sealed his career in that direction; for it outraged his opponents and disgusted the true friends of freedom in these States—proved him a mere partisan and politician, and not a statesmen of enlarged and practical views who only can embody into action the aspirations and dicta of the devotees of liberty—who, by their fanaticism and martyrdom, break down old forms and barriers to progress! Like all secondary men in mental and moral development, he gave way when the peltings of the storm which he had raised came on. He determined at once to desert the enemy. During the long time that the friends of freedom, under the lead of General Taylor, fought for the Jeffersonian idea and against the "platforms," Tom, who was never fit for anything but speech, spoke not! His treachery was anticipated and developed in his reward—a Cabinet appointment! His membership of an Administration, which will go down infamous, as attempting to revive and enforce in this land the cast-off attributes of British tyranny *constructive treason*, has forever placed him alongside with Burr and Arnold! But what cares *the Gardiner* for reputation! With the Satires of Horace he doubtless is familiar, and "smiles as he contemplates the money in his chest."

That he should now, late in life, be compelled to leave Ohio, who nurtured him into eminence, and whose honour and interests he has ungratefully abused, is pitiable; but I beg that he will not pay my native State the poor compliment of making it his place of refuge. Slavery she inherited in common with her sister States, but public opinion, France, and other home aristocracies, she nobly challenges discussion; and in preferring the liberty of the press and speech to any local and temporary institution, she shows a people of great elements of character, and a Government open to the beneficent influences of progress! Like all brave people, the power they have they exercise with mercy; and while they are justly jealous of their own rights, they are regardful of those of others. Such a people, where honour, pecuniary and personal, constitute characteristic elements of social position and political power, is not the place for Thomas Corwin! I advise him to go further South, if even there he can find men poor enough in self-esteem to trust a traitor or honour a renegade.

Your obedient servant, C. M. CLAY.

THE NEGROES IN CUBA.

THE *emancipados* of Cuba, whose liberation in the course of the present year Lord Howden has procured from the Spanish Government, are a class of persons whose condition has for eighteen years been a topic in the diplomatic papers passing between London and Madrid. The class was created by a treaty negotiated by Lord Cowley in 1817. In that treaty Spain formally prohibited the slave trade, and agreed to establish at Sierra Leone and at Havana Mixed Courts, partly English, partly Spanish, to try captured slavers, and vessels accused of being such, and to deliver into the hands of the Spanish authorities all negroes found on board of slavers condemned at Havana, while those brought into Sierra Leone were to be cared for by the authorities of that colony, each government agreeing to set them free.

This treaty took effect on October 30, 1820; but when in 1835 it was revised, in order to afford additional security against the Slave Trade, Lord Clarendon, who was charged with the negotiation, found that the Spanish Government had not kept its stipulation, respecting these re-captured negroes, or *emancipados*. Instead of setting them free, according to agreement, it had bound them out, on the ground that they required instruction both in industry and religion to qualify them for freedom. The indentures were made nominally for five years, the masters paying $153 to the government for each apprentice; but the masters worked and abused them just as they did their slaves; and at the expiration of the term no care was taken to secure their release, except it were to bind them out again, the Captain-General or his subordinates pocketing the price. The whole number of *emancipados* thus illegally held in bondage was originally 12,000, of whom 3,500 were women. No doubt a large portion had already died from ill-treatment and overwork; but yet the British Government demanded that an account should be rendered of them all, and of the descendants of the females; and at the same time introduced a clause in the treaty by which slave cargoes should thereafter be handed over to the government, by whose men-of-war they were captured, without regard to the port of their condemnation; in consequence of which, within the four years from 1847 to 1852 alone, nearly 28,000 Africans, who, under the original treaty, would have gone to increase the population of Cuba, have been carried to the British West Indies and set at liberty.

Since 1835 the release of the Cuban *emancipados*, and of their descendants, has been insisted on, but it has required nearly a score of years to accomplish the purpose. How numerous the class now is we have no means of judging; in the ordinary course of things, following the usual decrease of the slave population, and having had few or no additions from Africa since 1835, it must be less than it was then. The addition it makes to the free black population of the island will accordingly be insignificant.

We have before us the census of Cuba for 1827, and again that for 1841. Taking the growth of population during that period of 14 years as a basis of calculation, the result would be that the island now contains 510,000 whites to 765,000 blacks. But the fact is that for the five years immediately preceding 1852, the blacks increased with rapidity, while the white immigration was comparatively small. This was caused very much by the stimulus which the British free trade legislation of 1846 gave to the production of slave-grown sugar. In 1848, for instance, the import of negroes was worthy the most palmy days of the traffic, and so it would have continued had not the British Government adopted the suggestion of Thomas Carlyle, and sent a squadron to the island as well as to the coast of Africa. We may, therefore, fairly conclude that out of the million and a quarter inhabitants, now in the island, two-thirds, if not more, are of negro blood, of whom about a quarter are free.

The British Government having secured the liberty of the *emancipados* is now bound to take up another subject which it has already had in hand. We mean the position of the negroes smuggled into the island since the slave trade was prohibited in 1820. Of the number of these there is, of course, no official record. As long ago as 1840, Lord Palmerston proposed to the Spanish Government to have a legal examination into the case of all slaves supposed, on sworn information, to have been brought in subsequent to that time, or to be the descendants of such negroes, and to set them free unless the owner could show the contrary. This proposal was not accepted; and indeed its execution would be involved in some difficulties: but on the other hand it is certain that a very large portion, probably the majority, of the Cuban slaves are held in bondage contrary to the pledges of treaties, and to the Spanish laws. To effect their emancipation we may expect that the British Government will use every opportunity. And though it may be very long before the end is achieved, we see no reason to doubt that it will finally be gained; the release of the *emancipados* indicates its possibility; and we may be sure that England will allow no favourable concatenation of circumstances to pass without crowding or coaxing Spain into the measure. If Cuba remains in the hands of Spain, Slavery is sure to be abolished.

Equally certain is the event in case the island should be wrested from Spain by fillibuster invasion. The Spanish Government has already avowed its determination to emancipate the slaves before abandoning the colony to American conquerors. Let no one doubt that such emancipation would be as effectual as it would be legal. It would be little more than carrying into effect the provisions of the treaty of 1817, according to which nobody has ever lawfully owned a negro, or the descendant of one imported since 1820. And we may be sure that under such circumstances, with Spanish leaders to direct and Spanish aid to support them, the blacks of Cuba would make good their freedom against all the fillibusteros of the universe.

If Cuba is purchased by the United States, it is quite as sure rapidly to become a country of blacks alone. A great slave emigration from this country would follow the purchase; the disproportion of the two races—already enormous—would at once be vastly increased; and every census would see more Africans and fewer whites among its population. The end of such a process is plain. It is the abandonment of Cuba by the whites and the abolition of Slavery, leaving the island in the hands of the emancipated negroes. Such is the sole result possible. The purchase of Cuba ensures the extinction of Slavery. Only it will take effect more slowly than in case of a fillibuster seizure. And the slowest of all abolition processes will be to leave the island undisturbed in the hands of Spain.—*Tribune.*

THE election of General Pierce to the Presidentship of the United States was regarded by many persons in this country as a proof of the prevalence of Free Trade principles there. We called attention, at the time, to the fact that the Democratic party was quite as favourable to extension of territory as to extension of trade. It might turn out that General Pierce had been elected as a supporter of "annexation;" and his inaugural speech, of which some extracts are given elsewhere, seems to justify our suspicion; for, although there is not a single comprehensible word about Free Trade, his allusions to annexation are unmisunderstandable. In this country, with our permission of misgovernment and aggression in India and in the Cape of Good Hope, we cannot, consistently, or rather as a nation, say much about the dishonesty of our republican brothers. We, however, only pick up unconsidered trifles when they fall in our way; they look out for them; resolved to have them right or wrong, and to seize them as their own without saying "by your leave" to anybody. Perhaps our Government has the same dishonesty of intention, but it is ashamed to make the avowal. The Americans may plead their honesty in avowing the dishonesty, but their avowals are startling enough to Europeans.

In the much verbiage of President Pierce's speech, in which the meaning is to be guessed at through a maze of rhetorical flourishes, he speaks plainly enough of designs upon neighbouring property. He says: "The policy of my administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from *expansion*. Indeed, it is *not to be disguised* that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render *the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not, in the future, essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce, and the peace of the world*. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious *national interest* and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with the strictest observance of national faith."

> Sufficeth him the good old plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can.

It was Rob Roy's *interest* to appropriate his neighbour's cattle. It was not *theft*, it was only *taking*, or, as he called it, *lifting*, for the benefit of himself and the clan M'Gregor. General Pierce goes even farther than asserting the right to lift; he will allow none else to lift. He says: "The rights, security, and repose of this confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonisation on this side of the ocean by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissable;" meaning thereby—all on this side of the ocean may be lifted by us, Cuba, Canada, and all *not within our jurisdiction*, but there shall be no foreign appropriation, no lifting but ours.

The "domestic institutions" of the southern States are safe, if General Pierce can have his way. The Union must be secured at all costs. Humanity and justice are as nothing compared to the safety of the Union. Between three and four millions of fellow-creatures and all their progeny, to the third and fourth generation (the infliction will not last beyond that), are to be held in bondage to preserve the Union. General Pierce pleads for the domestic institutions as if he had been born and "raised" in a slave State. As stealing is softened under the name of "annexation," so is Slavery softened by calling it "involuntary servitude"—a new term to us—rather suggestive of hope. "I believe," says the President, "that *involuntary servitude*, as it exists in different States in this confederacy, is recognised by the constitution. I believe that it stands like any other *admitted right*, and that the States wherein it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the 'compromise measures,' are *strictly constitutional*, and to be *unhesitatingly* carried into effect. I believe that the constituted authorities of this republic are bound to regard the *rights* of the South in this respect, as they would view any other *legal* and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but *cheerfully*, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs. Such have been and are my convictions, and upon them I shall act." How long? In a few short years the slave population of the South will greatly outnumber the free. There will be a servile war. That is the evil, not very far in the background. But the present difficulties of emancipation so appal the imagination of the "free" people, that they cannot see what is looming in the distance.

We have heard some hypocrisy and cant in royal speeches—something not very far from kin to blasphemy. We will not apply any of these terms as descriptive of General Pierce's concluding declarations as to Slavery, but we print them as an exhibition of singularly bad taste: "I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or ambitious, or fanatical excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity. But let not the foundation of our hope rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectional prejudices find no place in the public deliberations. It will not be sufficient that the rash counsels of human passion are rejected. It must be felt that there is no national security but in the nation's humble acknowledged dependence upon GOD and his overruling providence." This, be it recollected, is in reference to the declaration of his resolution to support *Slavery* as an admitted, legal, and constitutional right!—*Glasgow Examiner.*

UNPROFITABLENESS OF SLAVE LABOUR.

WE copy below another of the Letters from the South by a correspondent of the *Times*, protesting, of course, against some

better.? It's no concern of theirs how long the mason's wait. I am sure if I was in their place I shouldn't move as fast as they do."

Now let the white labourer come here from the North or from Europe; his nature demands a social life; shall he associate with the poor, slavish, degraded, low-lived, despised, unambitious negro, with whom labour and punishment are almost synonymous, or shall he be the friend and companion of the white man in whose mind labour is associated with no ideas of duty, responsibility, comfort, luxury, cultivation or elevation and expansion either of mind or estate; as it is, where the ordinary labourer is a free man—free to use his labour as a means of obtaining all these and all else that is to be respected, honoured or envied in the world?

Associating with either or both is it possible that he will not be demoralized, hate labour, give as little of it for his hire as he can, become base, cowardly, faithless—"worse than a nigger."

I ask *you, Virginians*, if this is not so—if you do not know it to be so? Is not this a simple, reasonable, satisfactory explanation of those failures in the substitution of free labourers for slaves to which you are in the habit of referring as settling this question?

See you not that it is Slavery *still* that, like the ship-worm, is noiselessly and imperceptibly ever opening the leaks by which your state, the greatest of all, the vanguard of the fleet, rolls helplessly water-logged far astern of all?

Nine out of ten of the thinking men of Virginia are so convinced, and whisper among themselves, what is to be done? And the rest of the crew double-shot the starboard battery, and loudly threaten what they *will do* if we of the North don't mind our business, and quit advising and pitying them, and send back the rats that swim away from them.

Well, it's all very true that we can't help them, and that our attempts to do so only embarrass them, and that we have among us plenty of bad and more weak and foolish people that would do better to mind their own business and leave them to their fate; that we have beams enough in our own eyes; that the condition of *some* of our labourers is bad, as bad as theirs, worse than theirs; that this shows a rottenness in the planks of our system which we would do well to probe and study to mend. I am convinced of it all—the more so, the more sadly and earnestly so, for what I see here. There is wrong in both systems. Too much competition and self-seeking in our labour as there is too little in theirs. They prove it to me; I thank them for it; they cannot object if I, with no unkind or invidious purpose frankly describe the nature of the evils they themselves have to deal with.

And they must understand that we have an interest and a certain responsibility in whatever of evil belongs to them, as we have in all that concerns the human family. That with a fair understanding of the nature of this evil, and of all its relations, we shall find that we have little or nothing to do about it ourselves, but to quietly wait and pray, for them in wisdom to move, is not improbable; and I hope and believe, that what I shall have occasion to write in regard to it, will favour such an understanding.

A proper appreciation of the difficulties that embarrass the people of the South in connection with the subject of Slavery, that lie in the way of any action favourable to even the amelioration of the condition of the slave by the action of law, would do more to restore friendly feeling and confidence between the two great sections of our country, than all the compromise measure that could be contrived, however strictly and conscientously carried out. Only let it be known at the North in addition to a slight appreciation of these difficulties, that there was a general disposition to boldly, manfully, look them in the face, and to deal with them in a broad, Statesman-like and Christian-like spirit, and the fanaticism of Abolition is dead and buried.

Only let the North show a disposition in future to regard the subject of Slavery as one *over which she has no control*, let indignation be quieted and turned to the injustice, and barbarism in her midst, let fierce denunciation and exciting appeals and even senselessly unpractical counsels be silenced, and I rejoice to state my conviction that in Virginia at at least, hosts of great, good talented men, are all ready and earnestly purposed to give themselves with all their energies to the mighty task.

Even the men who have no concern above dollars and cents are well convinced this day, and it is commonly calculated among them, that if the slaves could be quietly removed from their limits, the State would fill up so rapidly with freemen, and its sources of wealth would be so much more speedily and economically developed, that in five years time the increase in the value of all real estate would more than pay for the value that the slaves are now reckoned by their masters to be worth.

I am ready to give it as my present opinion, after what I have seen already of Slavery, that the African race whether it has been elevated or degraded by subjection to the whites of the South, is in many respects, and shows itself in the majority of instances to be, happier, intellectually, morally and physically, in Slavery than in what passes at the South under the name of Freedom, and that almost is the only freedom that it is practicble at present to be permitted to it.

Slavery in Virginia, up to the present time, however it has improved the general character and circumstances of the race of miserable black barbarians that several generations since were introduced here, has done nothing to prepare it, and is yet doing nothing to prepare it, for the free and enlightened exercise of individual independence and responsibility. Therefore, is Slavery the greatest sin and shame upon any nation or people on God's earth. The slaveholders say that we and others, by our impracticable interference, are responsible for the sin and shame. Let God judge, and let us keep silence.

I wish now to give you some idea of the condition of the freed blacks at the South; in Virginia. I shall incidentally refer to the condition of those at the North.

In one county of Virginia, a few years ago, an inventory and estimate of the value of the property of all the free blacks was made by order of the magistracy. With one exception the highest value placed upon the property of an individual was two dollars and a half ($2 50). The person excepted owned one hundred and fifty acres of land, a cabin upon it, a mule and some implements. He had a family, including only his wife and children, of nine. Of provisions for their support, there were in the house, at the time of the visit of the appraisers, a peck and a half of Indian meal and part of a herring. The man was then absent to purchase some more meal, but had no money, and was to give his promise to pay in wood, which he was to cut from his farm. And this was in Winter.

This shows their general poverty. That this poverty is not the result of want of facilities or security for accumulating property, is proved by the exceptional instances of considerable wealth existing among them. An account of the death of a free coloured man who devised by will property to the amounl of thirty thousand dollars, has been lately in the newspapers. I have ascertained the general accuracy of the narration though one somewhat important circumstance was omitted. It was stated that the man preferred that his children should continue in the condition of slaves, and gave his property to a man who was to be their master. He gave as a reason for this that he had personally examined the condition of the free blacks in Philadelphia and Boston, as well as in Virginia, and he preferred that his children should remain slaves, knowing that their master would take better care of them than they were capable of exercising for themselves. This was substantially correct, and I have conversed with a gentleman who tried to persuade him to act otherwise, to whom he gave these reasons. He had been, however, for a long time before his death, in a low state of health, and I know not how sound, or uninfluenced by others, his mind might have been. The circumstance omitted was, that these were illegitimate children, by a slave woman, although he had a wife that was a free woman, and had had a child by her—which, however, died young. It is a general custom of white people here to leave their illegitimate children by slaves (and they are *very* common) in Slavery. The man was himself a mulatto. I know of a very respectable and very wealthy man who sold his own half-brother to the traders to go South, because he attempted to run away.

I have heard of another case of a free negro in Virginia, supposed to be worth at least $5,000.

At the present rate of wages, any free coloured man can accumulate property more rapidly in Virginia than almost any man, depending solely on his labour, can at the North. In the tobacco factories in Richmond and Petersburg slaves are at this time in great demand, and are paid one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, and all expenses, for a year. These slaves are expected to work only to a certain extent for their employers; it having been found that they could not be 'driven' to do a fair day's work so easily as they could be stimulated to it by the offer of a bonus for all they would manufacture above a certain number of pounds. This quantity is so easily exceeded that the slaves earn for themselves from five to twenty dollars a month. *Freemen* are paid for all they do at rates which makes their labour equally profitable, and *can* earn, if they give but moderate attention and diligence to the labour, very large sums. The barber under the Bolingbroke Hotel has a younger brother, who works in a tobacco factory, whose wages last year amounted to over nine hundred dollars. Of this he has laid up not one cent, and such is the case with nearly all the hands so employed in the town; they spend their wages as do the slaves their 'over money,' almost as rapidly as they receive it, and as foolishly and as much to their own injury as do sailors, or the manufacturing workmen in England. Of the truth of this, I have assurances from every quarter, and from men of all opinions.

Formerly, I am told, the slaves were accustomed to recreate themselves in the evening and on hollidays a great deal in dancing, and that they took great enjoyment in this exercise. It was at length, however, preached against, and the 'professors' so generally induced to use their influence against it as an immoral practice, that it has greatly gone 'out of fashion,' and in place of it the young ones have got into the habit of gambling, and worse occupations, for the pastime of their holidays and leisure hours. I have not seen any dancing during these holidays, nor any amusement engaged in by the blacks that was not essentially gross, dissipating or wasteful, unless I except firing of crackers.

Improvidence is generally considered here a natural trait of African character; and by none is it more so than by the negroes themselves. I think it is a mistake. Negroes, as far as I have observed at the North, although suffering from the contamination of habits acquired by themselves or their fathers, in Slavery, unless they are intemperate, are more provident than whites of equal educational advantages. Much more so than the newly-arrived Irish, though the Irish are soon infected with the desire of accumulating wealth and acquiring permanent means of comfort. This opinion is confirmed by the experience of the City Missionaries—one of whom has informed me that where the very poorest classes of New York reside, black and white in the same house, the rooms occupied by the blacks are generally much less bare of furniture and the means of subsistence than those of the whites.

I observed that the negroes themselves follow the notion of the whites here, and look upon the people of their race as naturally unfitted to provide for themselves far ahead. Accustomed like children to have all their necessary wants provided for, their whole energies and powers of mind are habitually given to obtaining the means of temporary ease and enjoyment. Their masters and the poor or "mean" whites acquire somewhat of the same habits from early association with them, calculate on it in them, do not wish to cure it, and by constant practices encourage it. The negroes depend much for the means of enjoying themselves on presents. Their good-natured masters (and their masters are very good-natured, though capricious and quick-tempered) like to gratify them, and are ashamed to dissappoint them—to be thought mean. So it follows that with the free negroes, habit is upon them; the habits of their associates, slaves, make the custom of society—that strongest of agents upon weak minds. The whites think improvidence a natural defect of character with them, expect it of them as they grow old, or as they lose easy means of gaining a livelihood, charitably furnish it to them; expect them to pilfer; do not look upon it as a crime; if they do, at least, consider them but slightly to blame, as, indeed, they are; and so every influence of association is unfavourable to providence, forethought, economy. I shall continue this subject in my next. Yeoman.

From two subsequent letters we copy the description of the Dismal Swamp, and the life led by slaves who put there to "Winter." It will all be found interesting, and that portion of it relating to the fugitives who make this dismal region their home would have been worthy of a place in Mrs. Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin:

The "Great Dismal Swamp," together with the smaller "dismals" (for so the term is used here), of the same character along the North Carolina Coast, have heretofore been of considerable commercial importance as furnishing a large amount of lumber, and especially of shingles for our Northern use as well as for export. The district from which this trade proceeds is all one vast *quaking morass*, the soil being apparently entirely composed of decayed vegetable fibre, so charged with water that it is mere mire to a depth of many feet, yielding or *quaking* on the surface to the tread of a man, and a large part of it, during most of the year, half inundated with standing pools. It is divided by creeks and bayous, and in the centre is a pond, six miles long and three broad, the shores of which, strange to say, are at a higher elevation above the sea than any other part of the swamp, and yet are of the same miry consistency. The Great Dismal is about thirty miles long and ten miles wide on an average; its area about 150,000 acres. The little Dismal, Alligator, Catfish, Green and other smaller swamps, on the shores of Albermarle and Pamlico contain over 2,000,000 acres. A large amount of this is the property of the State of North Carolina, and the proceeds of sales from it constitute a part of the income of the School Fund of that Commonwealth.

An excellent canal, six feet in depth, passes for more than twenty miles through the swamp, giving passage not only to the lumber collected from it, but to a large fleet of coasting vessels engaged in the trade of the Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and making a safe outlet towards New York for all the corn, cotton, tar, turpentine, &c., produced in the greater part of the eastern section of North Carolina, which is thus brought to market without encountering the extremely hazardous passage from Cape Hatteres to Cape Henry. This canal is fed by the water of the pond in the centre of the swamp, its summit level being many feet below it.

Of the main products of the country, the annual freightage on the Dismal Swamp Canal is about as follows:

Shingles	24,000,000
Staves	6,000,000
Plank and scantling, cubic feet	125,000
Ship timber	40,000
Cotton, bales	4,500
Shad and herring, barrels	50,000
Naval stores, barrels	30,000
Spirits turpentine	7,00
Bacon, cwts	5 000
Lard, kegs	1,300
Maize, bushels	2,000,000
Wheat, bushels	30,000
Peas, bushels	25,000

The Canal was made with the assistance of the National Government and the State of Virginia, who are still the largest owners. It is admirably constructed, repairs are light, and it is a good six per cent. stock.

Much the larger part of the "Great Dismal" was originally covered by a heavy forest growth. All the trees indigenous to the neighbouring country, I found still extensively growing and of full size, within its borders. But the main production, and that which has been of the greatest value, has been of cypress and juniper (the latter commonly known as white cedar, at the North). From these two, immense quantities of shingles have been and still are made. The cypress also affords ship-timber, now in great demand, and a great many rough poles of the juniper, under the name of "cedar rails," are sent to New York and other ports, and afford fencing material (at a cost generally of seven cents a rail), for the farms of districts that have been deprived of their own natural wood by the extension of tillage required by the wants of neighbouring towns or manufactories.

The swamp belongs to a great many proprietors. Most of them own only a few acres of the surface, but some possess large tracts and use a heavy capital in the business. Mr. J. Seguine generally has more than a hundred hands engaged in getting out shingles alone, and during the late gale had twenty thousand dollars' worth afloat between the outlet of the swamps and New York, of the safety of none of which he had heard when I called on him. The value of the swamp land varies with the wood upon it, and the facility with which it can be got off, from 12 1-2 cents to $10 an acre. It is made passable in any desired direction in which trees grow, by corduroy roads, or logs cut in lengths of eight or ten feet and laid parallel and against each other on the surface of the soil, or "sponge," as it is called. Mules and oxen are used to some extent upon these, but transportation is mainly by hand to the creeks and bayous, or to ditches communicating with them or the Canal.

Except by these log-roads, the swamp is scarcely passable in many parts, owing not only to the softness of the sponge, but to the obstruction caused by innumerable shrubs, vines, creepers and briars which often take entire possession, forming a dense brake or jungle. This, however, is sometimes removed by fires, which of late years have been frequent and very destructive to the standing timber. The most common shrubs are smooth-leafed evergreens, and their dense, bright, glossy foliage is exceedingly beautiful in this Wintry season. There is a good deal of game in the swamp—bears and wild cats are sometimes shot, racoons and opossums are in plenty, and deer are found in the drier parts and on the outskirts. The fishing, in the interior waters is also said to be excellent.

The labour in the swamp is almost entirely done by negroes, mainly by slaves; and the way in which they are managed is interesting and instructive. They are mostly hired by their employers at a rent, perhaps, of one hundred dollars a year for each, paid to their owners. They spend one or two months of the Winter—when it is too wet to work in the swamp—at the residence of their master, where their families usually have "quarters." At this period little or no work is required of them; their time is their own, and if they can get any employment, they will generally keep for themselves what they can get for it. When it is sufficiently dry—usually early in February—they go into the swamp in gangs, each with an overseer. Those that I saw were going to be sent in a schooner more than sixty miles, to "a dismal" in Tyrell County, North Carolina. Before leaving, they are all examined and registered at the Court-house, and *passes*, good for a year, are given them, in which their features and the marks upon their persons are minutely described. Each man is then furnished with provisions and clothing, of which, as well as of all that he afterwards "draws" from the stock in the hands of the overseer, an exact account is kept and charged him.

Arrived at their place of destination, a rude "camp" is made, huts of shingles, plank logs and boughs, built upon the driest spot that can be found—usually upon some place where shingles have been shaved before, and the shavings have accumulated into little hillocks. They then go to work, every man for himself, and very little further attention is paid to them for the next five months, except that the overseer takes account of the number of shingles made by each man every day. Other hands are employed with mules to remove the shingles to a point from which they can be shipped, and a schooner comes occasionally and takes them away. The slave is not in the meantime *driven* at all; no force is used to make him "work smart." He lives as a free man; having the liberty of the swamp; hunts 'coons, fishes, eats, drinks, smokes, sleeps, and works according to his own will. It is only asked of him that he shall have made at the end of a half year so many shingles as shall, at a certain price, refund to his master the hire paid for him and the value of the clothing and provisions he has drawn.

In about five months from the time of entering the swamp, the whole gang return to the place they started from, in a schooner laden with their shingles. A regular debtor and creditor account has been kept with them, and a balance is now struck which will look something in this way:

J. Sambo Smith to John Doe, Dr.

Feb. 1. To clothing (outfit)	$5 00
March 10. To clothing, as per overseer's account	2 25
Feb. 1. To bacon and meal (outfit)	19 00
July 1. To stores drawn in swamp, as per overseer's account	4 75
July 1. To half-yearly hire, paid his owners, Trustees of Church of St. Epiphras	50 00
	$81 00

Per Contra, Cr.

July 1. By 10,000 shingles, as per overseers account, 10c	100 00	
Balance due Sambo		$19 00

which is immediately paid him, and this, together with the proceeds of certain 'coon and 'possum skins, will enable him to buy a magnificent new frock for his wife, a beaver hat and a suit of broadcloth for himself, and Bill Cuffee's unrivalled 'coon dog "Pink," by whose aid he will be able to carry even heavier "rocks" in his pocket next winter.

It is quite as likely, however, that he will get shamefully drunk upon it, and "kick up a row and break things," for which he will be punished, and in a few days return to his camp in the swamp with a very sore back and an awful headache. They are not allowed to have any whiskey while in the swamp.

After a short vacation, the whole gang are taken in the schooner to spend another five months in the swamp as before. If they are good hands and work steadily, they will commonly be hired again, and so continuing, will spend most of their lives at it. Those who have been once broken in, enjoy the life, and would be very sorry to have to give it up and go on to a plantation. They almost invariably have excellent health, as do also the white men engaged in the business. They all consider the water of "the dismals" to have a medicinal virtue, and it quite probably is a mild tonic. It is greenish in colour, and I thought I detected a slightly resinous taste upon first drinking it. Upon entering the swamp also, an agreeable resinous odour, resembling that of a hemlock forest, was very perceptible, but I was soon unable any longer to observe it, probably only from having become habituated to it.

Nearly all the account I have of the employment of negroes, I received from one of them, belonging to the Tyrell County gang, that I had to guide me to the swamp. I understood from their master, that though they often made quite handsome sums, they almost invariably immediately spent them, and were of the usual careless and improvident character of other slaves. There had been one remarkable exception among those he employed, This was a man of unusual ability in every respect, and a very valuable slave. He had hired him to work in the swamp for many years, and often trusted him with duties involving considerable responsibility. He had once gone to New York as a cook to one of his schooners, his owner's permission having been obtained, and returned of his own will, to Slavery. Knowing that he must have laid up a considerable amount of money, my informant advised him to try and buy himself of his owner, and go to Liberia, and he concluded he would do so. His owner was mean enough to ask him a high price for himself ($500; a high price because he was getting old), and upon learning this, he at first gave it up, but afterwards, upon the consideration, as he said, that if he lived to be much older he should prefer to be in Africa among his equals, and that if he did not, his money would be of very little use to him in Slavery, he concluded the purchase, bought also a good outfit, paid for his passage, received a handsome present from his old master (not *owner*) and sailed last year from Baltimore. He said before he left, that he was going to learn to write, and as soon as he was comfortably settled, would send back a letter. He has not yet been heard from. You will observe in this narrative, the acquiescence of the negro in his master's claim of *property* in him.

Nearly all the valuable trees have been cut off from the swamp. The whole ground has been frequently gone over, the best timber selected and removed at each time, of course leaving the remainder standing thinly, so that the wind has more effect upon it, and much of it, from the yielding of the soft soil, is uprooted or broken off. The fires which I have before spoken of, have also greatly injured it. The principal stock now worked into shingles is obtained from beneath the surface; old trunks that have been preserved by the wetness of the soil, and that are found by *sounding* with poles, and raised with hooks or pikes by the negroes. The quarry is giving out, however, and except that lumber, and especially shingles, have been in great demand at high prices of late, the business would be almost at an end. As it is, the principal men engaged in it are turning their attention to other and more distant supplies. A very large purchase has been made by one Company in the Florida everglades, and a schooner, with a gang of hands trained in the "Dismals," will soon sail from Deep-creek, for this new field of operations.

The Dismal Swamps are noted places for runaway negroes. They were formerly peopled in this way much more than at present; a systematic hunting of them with dogs and guns having been made by individuals who took it up as a business about ten years ago. The negro, my guide, told me he had seen skeletons, and had helped to bury bodies recently dead. There are people in the swamps now, he thought, that are the children of fugitives and fugitives themselves *all their lives*. What a strange life it must be!

There can be though, but very few, if any, of these "natives" left. They cannot obtain the means of supporting life without coming often either to the outskirts to steal from the plantations, or to the neighbourhood of the camps of the lumbermen. They live mainly upon the charity or the wages given them by the latter. The poorer white men owning small tracts of the swamps will sometimes employ them, and the negroes frequently. In the hands of either they are liable to be betrayed to the "drivers as the negro hunters are called, or to their owners if they are known. The negro told me that they had huts in "back places," hidden by bushes, and difficult of access, and had apparently been himself quite intimate with them. He said when the shingle negroes employed them, they made them get up logs for them, and would give them enough to eat and some clothes, and perhaps two dollars a month in money. But some when they owed them money would betray them instead of paying them.

He said the "drivers" sometimes shot them. When they saw a fugitive, if he tried to run away from them, they would call out to him, that if he did not stop they would shoot, and if he did not, then they would shoot, and sometimes kill him. "But some of 'em would *rather* be shot than be took, sir," he added, simply. A farmer living near the swamp confirmed this account, and said he knew of three or four being shot in one day. I suppose when the drivers first commenced their business in a large way, they made a practice of killing those that would not surrender, without mercy, that they might strike terror into those that remained and prevent others from continuing to join them. In this purpose they have been in a great degree successful. I judged that the drivers were looked upon with repugnance by the community in general.

No particular breed of dogs are used for hunting negroes: bloodhounds, fox-hounds, bull-dogs and curs were used, and one white man told me how they were *trained* for it, as if it was a common or notorious practice. They are shut up when puppies, and never allowed to see a negro except while training to catch him. A negro is made to run from them, and they are encouraged to follow him until he gets into a tree, when they are given meat. Afterwards they learn to follow any particular negro by scent, and then a shoe or piece of clothing is taken off a negro, and they learn to find out by scent who it belongs to, and to *tree* him, &c. I don't think they are employed in the ordinary *driving* in the swamp, but only to overtake some particular slave, as soon as possible after it is discovered that he has fled from a plantation. The negro said that it was easy for the drivers to tell a fugitive from a regularly employed slave in the swamps.

"How do they know them?"

"Oh, dey looks *strange*."

"How do you mean?"

"*Skeared* like, you know, sir, and kind o' strange, cause they's not got much to eat and ain,t decent"—(not decently clothed) "like's we is."

When the drivers take a negro who has not a pass, or "free papers," and they don't know whose slave he is, they confine him in jail and advertise him. If no one claims him within a year he is sold to the highest bidder at a public sale.

The *Colonisation Journal* states that the late Samuel G. Howland bequeathed to the society $10,000, to be appropriated to the colonisation movement from this country to Liberia.

Thackeray.—A morning paper says that this gentleman has netted the nice little sum of twelve thousand dollars by his lectures in this country. He went home satisfied, and does not intend to write a book about us.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1853

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of The American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of NEW YORK, at the CHINESE ASSEMBLY ROOM, No. 539 Broadway, on Wednesday, May 11th, 1853, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

The Business Meetings of the Society will be held in the large Committee Room of the same building, on the Afternoon of Wednesday, May 11th, and on Thursday. It is very desirable that large delegations from all parts of the country shall be in attendance, not only at the public Anniversary, but at these subsequent private meetings for the transaction of important business in relation to proposed operations of the Society for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

Prejudice against Colour has, at length, got herself brought before the divinity who, very properly in such a cause, and in this country, has her eyes bandaged; and we hope that the illegality, at least, if not the absurdity and injustice, of its existence will be fairly established. Law, we know, is not always justice nor even good sense, but the three may soon join hand in hand and proceed in the right direction, and to usher in the "good time coming" for the coloured man, if Law, in this case, shall be proved to be, what all law should, the hand-maid of her elder sisters. In plainer terms, a coloured man has brought a suit to test the question whether the wicked and absurd prejudice against complexion is good cause of depriving him of those rights which belong to him as a man and a citizen. It is technically the case of *James P. Barnett, a minor, by his guardian, vs. the Trustees of the College of Physicians*; but really the case of an oppressed people, long and cruelly deprived of their elementary rights, against their oppressors. Should it be decided in favour of the plaintiff, a very important step will be gained, and it will be the fault of the coloured people themselves if they do not follow it up by similar efforts to open the thousand doors that have hitherto been closed against them.

The case came up before Judge Roosevelt in the Supreme Court, in this city, on the 20th instant, on—according to the report in a morning paper—a writ of alternative mandamus to compel the defendants to admit the plaintiff (a man of African blood) to the profession of a physician. The motion was opened by Mr. John Jay, on behalf of Barnett, and opposed by Mr Lord, on the part of the defendants. Mr. Edward Sandford replied for the plaintiff. The plaintiff, it is submitted, is the son of James Barnett, who is a citizen of the State of New York, and entitled to the rights and privileges of citizenship, and labouring under no disqualification, but is a holder in fee of real estate. The plaintiff obtained an academical education, and in 1844 was entered as a student in the New York University, where he regularly passed through the different courses of study, and was admitted as a member of one of the literary societies of the University, and gained various prizes in different branches. In 1848 he received from the faculty the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He subsequently entered the office of an eminent practising physician as a student of medicine, and was introduced by his preceptor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was duly matriculated and admitted to the surgical and medical cliniques of the college. In November of last year he obtained from the several professors tickets for their respective courses of lectures, and attended them during the term. In October, 1850, while in the anatomical theatre attached to the college, and waiting to attend medical cliniques, he was disfranchised and expelled. The plaintiff, therefore, moves for a peremptory mandamus for his restoration. The trustees of the college contend that by the course and usage of that institution, persons of colour are not candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, nor has that degree, nor the attendance on the lectures of the professors, ever been of right granted to any person of colour; that at the time of the matriculations of plaintiff, the faculty were not aware or informed that James P. Barnett was a person of colour; and that having afterwards been informed that he was a person of colour, and having ascertained that in fact he was a person of colour, and also having judged, upon observation and examination, that his continuing to attend the lectures of the college would prevent the attendance of other students for whose instruction the college was instituted, and would be injurious to the usefulness of the college, and to the accomplishment and fulfilment of its purposes, by preventing numerous students from attending its instructions and lectures, they, for this cause, declined to permit James P. Barnett to resume his attendance on the lectures of the college for the term commencing in October, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty; nor was he matriculated for that term, nor did he receive any tickets for any of the courses of lectures for that term.

The case was argued by counsel on both sides, and most ably, we understand, by Messrs. Jay and Sandford for the plaintiff. The decision of the Judge has not yet been given.

If the systematic injustice which obtains against the coloured race arose entirely from an unreasonable prejudice against colour, this case would be an outrage as absurd as it is base and cruel, for Mr. Barnett has far more Saxon than African blood in his veins, and was, in fact, for some time, a member of the College before its curators discovered that there was in him any trace of the proscribed race. Indeed as he would pass any where for a white man, it is plain in this, as in a thousand other cases, the persecution arises solely from the spirit of caste. The law of Slavery is that the offspring shall follow the condition of the mother, and the principle is no less imperative at the North than at the South. It is in deference to Slavery that civil and social rights are denied to free-coloured people who, had they been born in a slave State, might have been held as slaves. The real question at issue, therefore, in the case before us, is precisely the same as if Barnett were entirely black, and, should the decision be in his favour, will be entitled to quite as much weight as if he were. So also the attempt of the College to debar a young man of merit, and of talent, of all opportunity to perfect himself in the profession he had chosen is no more deserving of reprehension that no valid objection can be made to him on account of colour. The spirit which pursues him will admit of no nice distinctions, and makes no exception in his favour, because it is not so much against complexional differences that they contend as in favour of a corrupt social system.

MORE TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

According to a Telegraphic Dispatch, published in the daily papers on Friday last, trouble is a-foot in New Mexico, which, beginning, as difficulty has heretofore in that quarter, in a question of boundary, may end, as that did, in war and conquest. The statement is: "that Gov. Lane had issued a proclamation claiming Mecilla Valley as a portion of the American territory. The Governor asserts that this valley was left out by the neglect of Commissioner Bartlett, and he had therefore given orders to Col. Sumner, to proceed to the spot with an armed force and secure it.

"Col. Sumner, however, however, it is stated, refused to obey his instructions. In the meantime, the Mexican authorities received notice of what was on foot, and immediately sent a body of several hundred soldiers, who were commanded to resist, at any sacrifice, all attempts to seize the valley, which the Government of Mexico looks upon as a portion of its own possessions.

"When the above account left, the most intense excitement prevailed, and bloody work was anticipated."

Further than this nothing has been heard, but the *National Intelligencer*, in commenting upon the report, says the attempt of Gov. Lane to annex to New Mexico the Valley of Messilla, situated a few leagues southwest of Dona Ana, may receive some light from the following extract of a letter from a highly respectable gentleman in that Territory to a friend in this City. It is dated, "Santa Fé, Feb. 28." The writer says:

"Governor Lane is understood to intend to take possession of that part of New Mexico which lies below the line fixed by Commissioner Bartlett and above the line eight miles above El Paso. There are some two or three thousand people in the disputed territory, and most of them anxious to be included within this Territory. The Governor does this upon his own responsibility, deeming it proper, inasmuch as the State of Chihuahua has revolted and thrown off the authority of the Central Government. It is barely possible that circumstances may induce him to change this determination.

This writer, it will be observed, and the Dispatch do not agree as to the disposition of the people of the Valley of Messila, but which may be right, is, we take it, a matter of very little consequence. If Governor Lane, or the Government behind him, wish to annex the Territory, the wishes of the inhabitants will be of secondary consideration.

The whole affair is precisely of that character, if not worse, which has always marked the dealings of this Government with that of Mexico. The territory here seized, it has already been conceded by the United States Commissioner, appointed to run the boundary line, *belongs to Mexico*, and the last Treaty of Peace and Limits with that country, stipulated that the result agreed upon between the Commissioners and Surveyors appointed under it, should "*be deemed a part of this Treaty, and shall have the same force as if it were inserted therein.*" The boundary line, therefore, is really fixed by Treaty, and the conduct of Gov. Lane is in direct contravention thereof, for although there was some disagreement between the American Commissioner, Mr. Bartlett, and the Surveyor, yet the two Commissioners agreed upon the line where the boundary should run. It is, however, the old fable of the wolf and the lamb, and if this government wants the territory, and has not pretext for seizing, she will seize it without a pretext.

Coloured Seamen in South Carolina.—The question whether Northern citizens may be rightfully imprisoned under South Carolina laws, although one which that State has not hitherto permitted to be made by a sister State, is about to be tried, at the instigation of a foreign power. The British Consul at Charleston, Mr. Mathews, has not been inclined to permit any opportunity to pass of bringing the matter before the Courts of South Carolina, and it is he, we presume, who has at length succeeded in that, and now carries a case up to the Supreme Court of the United States for adjudication. The following report is from the Charleston *Courier* of the 32d inst. We have not much hope that the Supreme Court will reverse the decision of the Court below; but if it should, it will settle the unconstitutionality of the law referred to as regards Northern, as well as foreign, citizens; should it not, it is not likely that the British Government will, therefore, consider the question as settled:

The case of Reuben Roberts vs. Jeremiah D. Yates, Esq., Sheriff of Charleston District, was brought up yesterday by consent before Judge Gilchrist, as in a special term of the United States Circuit, Judge Wayne having been again prevented from attending. The case was disposed of in quite a summary manner, the facts being all admitted by agreement, and no argument entered into beyond a necessary statement on each side. As the name of Reuben Roberts will, perhaps, be transmitted to fame in connection with the further progress and discussion of his case, we mention for the information of all concerned, that he is a full blooded negro, now about 24 years of age, although apparently much older (it has been often remarked that negroes wear their age better in Slavery than in any other State). He is a native of Nassau, in New Providence, an island of the Bahama group, and was lately a cook on board a British schooner, the Clyde, Captain Bethel, which vessel arrived at this port from Baracoa on the 19th May, 1852. On that day the Sheriff of Charleston District, as directed by the law (A.A. 1835), boarded the vessel, arrested the cook, Roberts, and confined him in jail, where he was detained until the vessel was ready for sea. The Clyde accordingly was cleared for Baracoa on the 26th May, on which day Roberts was replaced on board by the Sheriff, makin the period of detention and imprisonment eight days, and for this his suit was brought in the form of an action in trespass for assault, battery, and false imprisonment, the damages being laid at $4,000.

The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Pettigru and King, the defendant by Attorney General Hayne, who had been charged with the case by the State, and Messrs. A. P. Butler, C. G. Memminger and Edward McCready as special counsel. Although in form an ordinary private action for damages, it is known to all that the case involves and depends upon the constitutionality and validity of the several laws of South Carolina relating to coloured seamen and immigrants, and especially the act of the 19th December, 1835, under which Sheriff Yates acted in this matter. This test question was submitted nakedly and simply, as the substantial facts of the case were admitted without evidence or contest, and it was also admitted that the Sheriff had strictly pursued the course prescribed by our laws.

The case was opened briefly by J. L. Pettigru, Esq., who read the pleadings. The declaration was in the ordinary form, specifying the facts of the case, and praying damages; and was met by the general issue, and also a special plea admitting the act alleged as a trespass, and setting forth in justification the several acts of South Carolina on the subject of coloured seamen, from 1794 to 1835. To this special plea the plaintiff entered a replication, '*de injuria sua*,' and upon this issue was joined. The points indicated as those chiefly relied on by the plaintiff are the Commercial Convention between Great Britain and the United States, of the 3d July, 1815, the Reciprocity Act of Congress of the 28th May, 1830, and the proclamation of President Jackson, issued in conformity to the said act, on the 5th October, 1830.

For the defence, Attorney General Hayne after producing a witness (Mr. Kanapaux) to prove that Roberts was a negro, made a similar brief statement of facts and references. The defense was based on the following points: Several acts of the General Assembly of this State, which for the convenience of our legal readers, we will specify by their dates, by which all may be found (7th Statues at large)—20th December, 1793, 20th December, 1800, 19th December, 1801, 18th December, 1802, 17th December, 1803, 20th December, 1820, 21st December, 1822, 20th December, 1823, 20th December, 1825, and 19th December, 1835.

The defendant in addition refers for justification and authority to the act of Congress of 28th February, 1803, concerning 'the importation of certain persons into certain States' (2d U. S. States, at large, 205).

These facts and references having been submitted without argument, Judge Gilchrist briefly charged the jury that the position of the case called upon him only to give his opinion without argument or reasons. He considered the acts of the State, under which the defendant justified, as valid and constitutional, and under this direction, the jury—A. H. Hayden, Esq., foreman—accordingly brought in a general verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff submitted in due form a bill of exceptions to the Judge's charge, and the case will accordingly go up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The questions involved, and the eminent array of counsel that will appear before that august tribunal, will make the case an object of interest and attraction, although of the final result, we need not say that we entertain no doubt.

☞ Father Gavazzi, the Italian refugee, who has been lecturing in this city for two or three weeks past, on Catholicism, has taken the occasion, in the course of that warfare, to declare war upon almost everything else. He seems to belong by nature to that class of b'hoys, well known in this city, who must "have a fight or spile;" and when a real opponent is not at hand, falls upon the first poor fellow he may happen to meet with. In one of his earliest lectures, he appealed to American women to cease wasting their sympathies upon the slaves, and turn their attention to the wretched nuns of the Catholic Church, who were far more in need of it. On Sunday last, he signalized himself by an onslaught on the Temperance Cause, the Women's Rights Movement, and Miss Antoinette Brown. His remarks are thus reported in the *Tribune*. They make a part of a sermon delivered in Italian:

Do not take me for a temperance orator; that would be a mistake [laughter]. I mean only *justice*. I do not intend to preach against temperance in America. Total abstinence has the approbation of a large amount of people and some legislatures; and Paul tells us not to take wine if my brother would be scandalized. But now I speak to the Italians, and I do not disapprove of wines and liquors. I must preach the whole Gospel, and not as some do, only those portions which please them. Christ says that it is not what enters into the mouth that defiles a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth. Also, the first miracle he performed was turning water into wine, and not wine into water [laughter]—and it was really good wine. Paul directed wine to be taken as a means to keep out of the doctor's hands. How, then, could I preach the Gospel and prohibit wine.

We are on the eve of a great convulsion; the Protestants are asleep; they do not see that Temperance is a Jesuitical movement. I do not make this assertion because its founder was a Capuchin monk, but on account of its ceremonies. The *nature of the Society is Jesuitical*—binding by oath its votaries to total abstinence, to propagandise and to prosyletise. Jesus never instituted it. Gregory VII. obliged Priests to take vows of celibacy and poverty, and to observe fasts, vigils, &c. If Archbishop Hughes be taunted with these absurdities he can point to the Temperance Societies of the Protestants, who can make no reply. This institution will bring England and America to embrace the other Papal fasts of abstinences.

But some zealous Protestant may say, then you protect the drunkard, the masses being disposed to abuse the gift of wine. I reply that I do not protect the drunkard. I have heard Paul quoted where he says that adulterers, thieves, avaricous, drunkards, fornicators, &c., cannot enter into Heaven. Then to avoid adultery, which is the infraction of the marriage vow, shall we prohibit matrimony; to prevent thieving shall we not allow anything to exist for thieves to steal; to prevent avarice shall we prohibit property and commerce; to prevent fornication shall we prevent men and women from living? Yet the temperance people would destroy wine to prevent drunkenness.

All the texts of Paul are not rigidly adhered to, for the Apostle wrote some strong remarks respecting women which are not paid great attention to. I would not speak against the women, but they certainly are to be seen here in the present day in situations very different from the position marked out by the Apostle. We have even Curates—a *Reverend Antoinette*. Well! they will doubtless take good care of their flock (laughter).

The best way is to moralize the people to procure temperance and moderation. This may seem a long road to travel, but it is a sure way. How many drunkards do you suppose have joined the Temperance Societies—perhaps a million you may say—or 100,000? No! Not a hundred. Barely a dozen drunkards. The rest are all those who do not like wine, and they make no great sacrifice in drinking water. I ascertained that in England (I do not speak of America, because I am best acquainted with England), the number of drinking shops is increased since the commencement of the Temperance movement.

I cannot, in Italy preach a fiction of the Gospel. I find that wine does good to man. Christ made a miricle in its favour. I cannot preach against it. I am an independent man and am not paid by any Protestant to preach any, practice any, which I disapprove. If I were working for dollars I would have staid in England and should not have come to America.

☞ A letter from London in the Boston *Traveller* says that the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin was put in type by Messrs. Low & Son, of that city, and printed, bound and offered for sale within four days from the receipt of the original copy. This haste was necessary, the laws requiring that it be first published there, in order to secure the author's interest. Another edition was issued by Messrs. Clarke, Beeton, & Co., within five days after, which sells at 84 cents. More than ten thousand of this edition were taken by the London booksellers alone, on the first day of its publication. The Queen dispatched a messenger to Messrs. Low & Son on the morning of its publication, with a special request for the first copy issued, without regard to the style of binding.

The Key is most favourably noticed by the English papers, and is making a greater sensation even than The Cabin itself. The London *Examiner* thus speaks of it:

We have no hesitation in saying, indeed, that the volume possesses for us an interest far transcending that of its predecessor. 'The best in that kind are but shadows,' but here we have the doing and suffering of life itself, the very web and woof of living human sorrow. The book of truth may want the grace and reliefs of the book of fiction, for the rules that govern art are much more accommodating than any which preside over nature and history; but while it contains narrated scenes of Mrs. Stowe's actual experience as pathetic, as humourous, as deeply tragic as the most celebrated scenes of her novel, it presents also, from various sources, of which not the least impressive are cold, dry, unimpassioned legal reports, such details of terror and misery, such appalling and irresistable evidence of what Slavery really and undisguisedly is, and which no humanity or kindness can ever make other than it is, such unexaggerated yet frightful statements of the agonies of the tortured, and self-degradation of the torturers, such truths beggaring all romance of human love and pity, of heroic endurance, of affecting patience, and of sacrifices that, by the lesson they enforce, might almost resolve the mystery of a system so accused being permitted to burden God's earth for another day—that the effect produced by the novel cannot but be inferior to that which may be expected from its successor, if not in the vividness of the impression at first excited, most certainly in the intensity and duration of the emotions finally produced.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.

Late accounts from Cuba bring intelligence of the recent landing of from 800 to 1000 slaves on that island, freshly imported from Africa. That the treaties for the suppression of this traffic are a dead letter has long been known, but a more open and flagrant violation of them has rarely, if ever, been committed than in this instance. The facts of the case are given in various Cuban letters to the morning papers, but the fullest and most interesting details are communicated by a correspondent of the *Times*. They are mainly as follows:

It seems that one Don Antonio Capo recently succeeded in landing a cargo of blacks at Guazima. After getting his human freight fairly ashore, Capo presented himself at the entrance of the harbour of Cardenas, with the American colours at his mast-head, and signalled for a pilot. Having procured one, the vessel was directed to the lee-side of the Cayo Piedra, where it was run aground and set fire to. It burning throughout an entire day. And all this was done with the knowledge and consent of the authorities of Cardenas.

Some eleven or twelve hundred negroes were "run in." The original cargo exceeded 1,300. About two hundred perished in the course of the voyage, in consequence of attempts to release themselves, three several efforts having been made unsuccessfully. The subject was at once brought to the notice of the British Consul, who was informed with regard to the minutest particulars by means of a negress, who was one of the kidnapped, and who had been purchased by a friend of mine. The girl disclosed, in secret session, all that had occurred on the voyage; and by dint of close inquiry, furnished every detail regarding the names of the partners in the enterprise; the officers of the vessel, and the crew.

The Consul acted with the utmost promptitude. Taking with him the Belgian and American Consuls, he proceeded at once to the palace, and demanded an interview with the Captain-General. He had previously armed himself with a copy of the *Cronica* by way of a text; and producing it, he complained to his excellency that that paper had insulted him by publishing the grossest libels and falsehoods respecting his conduct, and that his excellency ought to be aware that, as British Consul, it was his duty to be on the watch, to see that the treaties of Spain with his government, were executed to the very letter.

Canedo said, in reply, that the publication had been made in a foreign country, and that, however flagrant the falsehood, he had no means of punishing it. The Consul persisted that it was not only in foreign countries that the Spanish papers took such liberties. His excellency had only to turn to the *Diario de la Marina*, to find similar slanders. But while he (the Consul), despised this insolent language, proper only to the corrupt and infamous lips that uttered it, he could not but grieve to see the slave trade flourish with unabated success; and that slaves daily land on the island.

"It is not so, Senor Consul, it is not so;" answered Canedo; "the trade is continually decreasing; not so much on account of the vast expense your government is at in sustaining fleets to repress it, for I alone am sufficient to ensure that not a single negro now finds his way into Cuba." "Then how is it," proceeded the Consul, "that only two days ago, twelve hundred negroes were landed in the Siguapa, at a place called 'La Guazima?'"

"It is not possible," replied the General.

"As your excellency doubts it," said the consul, beckoning to two of the negroes who waited at the foot of the stairs, "here are two of the Africans who landed among the rest."

Gen. Canedo effected to be overwhelmed with surprise, and said he should have to take to hanging and killing to put a stop to these outrages. The Consul informed him how many days the vessel had spent on the voyage; who the owners were, their relative shares and their residences; the persons to whom the negroes had been sold, and where they might be found; not omitting to mention the massacre of 200 *en voyage*; and then demanded that a commission should at once be named, who should make a summary inquiry, and punish the offenders with all the rigour of the law.

In consequence of this interview, the Brigadier Morales Rada, was sent to this city by the Captain-General, as a commissioner to examine the case. He forthwith caused the several "armardores," or owners

of the ship to be arrested. Their names are: Dr. Agubella; Antonio Muxua, an attorney, who recently married the widow of Vega y Caceres, and so became a party interested; Aramabe, an iron founder; N. Aguire, a merchant; Bartolome Caranas, an apothecary; and Don Francisco Vinageras, brother of the alcalde, and the only creole implicated. Each of these was interested to the amount of $12,000, and was held to bail, notwithstanding the law prohibits bail in criminal cases, to answer the charge.

Don Jose Baro, another partner, succeeded in eluding the officers. The examination brought out the atrocity of the affair in the broadest light. Capo directed his course to a Portuguse (negro) colony, on the coast of Caffraria, and finding they had no negroes to sell, he determined to fill his ship without being at the expense of a purchase. He therefore took every possible means to ingratiate himself with the inhabitants, and secure their confidence, awaiting an opportunity for a *coup de main*.

When the time struck him as favourable, the whole population was bidden to a splendid feast on board the ship, and plied with drugged rum until the great mass of them were completely stupified with their potations. Orders were then signalled to the crew to make all sail, and when the unfortunate wretches recovered their senses, they found themselves out of sight of shore; and those of their company, who had been more moderate in their cups, already secuaed in irons. Naturally enough they attempted the first thing to release themselves, by rising on their kidnappers. But they possessed no weapons, while the crew was large, and armed at all points; so that notwithstanding repeated efforts to liberate themselves, they were uniformly over-mastered. These encounters were murderous. Large numbers were thrown overboard, or cut to pieces with knife and sabre; so that the loss of life during the trip was at least two hundred persons. Of those who survived, and whom the agents of government have received since the landing, a hundred are at this moment in our hospital, undergoing surgical treatment for sabre-cuts, stabs, and other wounds of greater or less severity, received from the kidnapping ruffians who captured them. Many of the negroes are Portuguese, and all of them are intelligent and above the ordinary level of native Africans.

The government inquiry, as was to be anticipated, has ended in additional fraud and corruption. Neither Capo, his brother, Dr. Giberga, who acted as surgeon of the vessel, nor any of the crew, has been arrested. The investigation was confined to the partners, some of whose names I have given you, and after dragging along for some time, was suddenly hushed up. The defendants agreed to compromise for their crime, by delivering three hundred of the negroes to the government, each culprit contributing to the amount according to his interest in the venture, accompanied as it was with pecuniary considerations. The bribe was irresistible. The bargain was at once closed; Pavia, Governor of Matanzas, Marcotegui, and Morales Rada, the three commissioners, ratifying it on behalf of General Canedo; and as the affair was completed at the Coliseum, the bargain is called the "Treaty of the Coliseum," out of doors. The parties to this infamous transaction, walk the streets in insolent impunity, secure from all the consequences of their crime. And why? To use the language of a distinguished government official, incautiously dropped soon after the arrest, the prosecution would not be permitted to go to any great length, because the parties inculpated were Spaniards; that is, *not* creoles. And this is the result of the Consul's interference. It only made the insular government a larger participant in the profits of the iniquity, than if the whole thing had been permitted to go unheeded. Some few of the negroes were released, and the rest allowed to pass into the mass of hopeless negro servitude.

☞ Mr. C. W. Denison, who has always been as treacherous as a cat to every party he has ever been connected with, seems, also like a cat, to fall always upon his feet. An office-holder under the last administration, he is to continue so under that now in power, having been appointed Chief Clerk in the Census Office. During the campaign, he edited a Webster paper in Boston, and was the head of the Webster party in Massachusetts. That probably made his election sure with the Pierce administration.

☞ There seems to be some doubt as to which are the true returns of the late Presidential vote. From one statement we, last week, gave Mr. Goodell's vote as 72; another, we observe, makes it 237. We beg the party's pardon if we really have underrated its numbers. A score or two of votes is important in such a count.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXIV.

The Argument. — *What the General Court is coming for to go for to do—The Correspondent holdeth a conversation with the Editor on the subject—He convicteth him and Miss Capulet of a mistake—His chapter on Names—He compassionateth a sucking County—And blameth its Sponsors—He speculateth as to their motives—He compareth odiously the names of Webster and Adams—And others—He giveth his opinions on Banking and other things and people—His ideas on Fair Play—His consideration for posterity, &c., &c., &c.*

Boston, April 25th, 1853.

What do you think our Whig majority in their Minority Legislature are proposing to do? They are going to make a new County out of part of Worcester and Middlesex. Well, you will say, there's no great harm in that. If the inhabitants thereof want to dissolve their Glorious Union with their old Counties, and to enjoy the privilege of a new Sheriff, a new Jail, a new Court-house, a new Gallows, and the other dignities and easements appertaining unto a new County, you have no objection, and you do not see, particularly, what business it is of yours or mine. And a very sensible observation of yours it would be. I have no objection, myself, to any of these things. It's only to the name of the thing that I object. "The name!" you will exclaim, with Miss Capulet,

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet!"

Now that is your mistake and her's. It would do no such thing. Suppose it were called an *onion!* And I think you will agree with me that words are things, and a name is a fact, and be converted from a Realist to a Nominalist, when I tell you that the name which these Legislative Sponsers propose to bestow on their suckling County is, "WEBSTER!!!" I have always held that parents and God-parents (if there be such a compound word) are much responsible for the names they inflict on the unconscious infancy which lies at their mercy. You have no reason to complain of your name, but suppose you had been baptized (like a former Post Master General) "Return Jonathan," or like another gentleman, whose name I once saw in a Catalogue, "Pleiades Orion," or like a young lady, from the place of her birth, "Place Vendome," or like another, which I have on the credible authority of an acquaintance, "Atlantic Ocean," what would have been your sentiments towards the authors of such a calamity! Nothing but a thumping legacy, I am sure, would have consoled you under it.

Such as your feelings would have been as you grew up to understand the direful consequences of an ill-name, such will be the emotions of this County in swaddling-clothes when it is old enough to comprehend the injury done to it. "An ill-name," forsooth! Why, it's a name that no man of ordinary humanity (or *caninity*) would bestow upon a cur. And to have a whole Shire going about branded with it! "The Honourable Mr. Snooks, the Senator from Webster!" "O yes, O yes, O yes, all manner of men that have anything to do before the Honourable the Judges of the Court, &c., now holden at Bungtown, in and for the County of Webster!" It's *too* bad, vary it is as you will. It will certainly apply for an Act to change its name as soon as it attains to years of discretion. I don't know whether this is intended as an offering to the offended ghost of Mr. Webster by those of his friends to whom he left the charge of his larger debts and the proper provision for his family, for not having attended to that simple and natural duty. Perhaps they think that his name on the back of a County will be of more value than his name used to be on the back of a note of hand. But the poor County ought not to be forced to accept him as an endorser. They should have the alternative of refusal, at least. And, really, one is put to it to see why all the old great men which Massachusetts has produced, of her own sons, should be thrust aside for this political soldier of fortune, this Major Dugald Dalgetty, who fought on both sides of all questions for pay and *provant*, and who was beaten on every side of all, into the bargain. Why should not the new County be called "Adams?" There have been two men of that name who succeeded in becoming Presidents of the United States, which Mr. Webster ludicrously failed when he infamously attempted it; and, failing of it, like a beaten hound, after licking the hand that scourged him, slunk into his kennel and died, the pity, the scorn, the derision or the detestation of the country. Why not call it by the name of Adams? A name borne by two men, of each of whom it might be said, as Chesterfield said of Chatham, that "his private life was stained by no vice and sullied by no meanness." Two men, did I say? And was there not stout old Sam Adams, too? And if these men must give place to a hireling political attorney from New Hampshire, must Otis, and Hancock, and Warren, go to the wall for him, too? Bah! let us talk of something else.

The same Whigs, in the desperation of their minority, being conscious that their time is short, propose to give the monied classes, or rather the money-making class, which they represent, a chance for extending their operations at the risk of the poorer classes, by a great extension of Bank-capital—or rather by a Legislative inflation of the paper-balloon of Bank currency. A system similar to that existing in your State was established here last week by the Coalition Legislature, by which any persons having the means to put securities into the hands of a State officer, sufficient to save harmless the bill-holder and depositor, might bank to their heart's content. But this does not answer the purpose of doing business on a capitol of moonshine. A proposition was made during the debate that the banks should be required to keep on hand twelve *per cent.* of their capital in specie—in answer to which it was demanded, where it was supposed so much specie was to come from! Where will it come from when the inevitable day of account comes, when specie will be demanded for every rag of paper? Why, from nowhere! The Banks will agree to *suspend* (*not stop*, they never stop) specie payments, with a pregnant intimation (which I heard in State street, in 1837) that any one asking them to fulfil the promise on the face of their note, would be *tarred and feathered*, and you and I, and the mass of the community who are *pigeons and not rooks*, will have to pay the piper! I must do a portion of the Whigs the justice to say that they were not unanimous in this policy of extension. The ablest and most earnest opponent to it was Mr. Hooper, of Boston, a very eminent merchant and man of business. He and Mr. J. F. Stevenson, of whom I have had occasion once or twice to speak, had many not unamusing passages at arms, with very pretty preliminaries for missiles. Mr. Hooper had the best of the argument, but Mr. Stevenson had the best of the vote. I do not know but that I am violating the neutrality of your territories by this tilt at the Wind-mills; but I suppose an anonymous correspondent may take a liberty which would be inexcusable in an editor.

I see that Mr. Douglass says, in a recent paper, *apropos* to the controversy between Messrs. Phillips and Mann, that "the *Liberator* continues to hold up the hands of Mr. Phillips; and that D. Y., of the *Standard*, seems equally desirous of a nook or corner in this controversy. As an on-looker, we demand *fair play*." Now, as to the *Liberator's* holding up Mr. Phillips' hands, that is for the *Liberator* to settle. My own notion is that that person is quite competent to hold up his own hands, and that it is the very smallest tip of the *Liberator's* finger that has ever been extended to him. The *Liberator* has given the lists in which these champions are to fight it out, and this seems to me to be the essence of *fair play*. Having done this, I apprehend that he is at liberty to make what running commentaries he pleases on the battle as it goes on. As to myself, I confess the soft impeachment. I *am* desirous of making this controversy, as all others, contribute to the making up of my tale of brick, which you demand of me, straw or no straw. And wherefore not? Are Mr. Mann and Mr. Phillips too great men, either or both of them, for me to meddle with? Have I not "tackled" the great Daniel in his den? And have I not been called "a hyena" for my pains? (If I am a *hyena*, I thank Heaven I am a *laughing* one!) Have I not had my finger in every pie, political or ecclesiastical, that hath come out of every oven for these many years? And when I have "pulled out a plumb," have I not exclaimed "what a good boy am I!" To be sure I have; and by God's blessing, I will again, as long as the world is good enough to furnish me with pastry of such toothsome sort. It is for you to say when I transgress the limits of an humble correspondent. But in this matter, inasmuch as you have given both disputants a full hearing, I fancy you are of opinion that both you and I have a perfect right of criticism or remark upon it.

I wish your readers to correct, merely for the benefit of posterity, one or two errors into which your typographical demons were betrayed in my last letter. About the middle of the *third* paragraph, I think, I am made to say, that during the alarm of French invasion, in England, "*the Courts and Jury*" formed themselves into a Regiment! A thing I should think hard to do. It should have been "*the Inns of Court.*" And at the top of the next column I am made to say that "I *regret*" a certain legal legend there recorded. I did not *regret* it in the least, but I *rejected* it. My Literary Executors will owe you a good turn if you will make this correction. And it may save some Scaliger or Bentley, yet unborn, infinite study and pains.—D. Y.

LETTER FROM G. B. STEBBINS.

Fitchburgh, Mass., April 17, 1853.

Editor Standard — *Dear Sir:* Since returning from Michigan, in January, I have held meetings in different sections of New York, a part of the time, remaining at home, in consequence of illness, &c., the remainder. To keep on record what of interest has been met with, a few words as to some of those meetings.

In March, I visited Walworth, Wayne Co., where the labours of the Fosters and Sallie Holley are yet remembered and appreciated by a band of earnest friends. A few days previous, a conference of Methodist clergymen had been held there, and several of the chosen teachers in their Zion had been refreshing themselves and astonishing the people by defending Slavery from the Bible. Among the hearers of these clerical defenders of the 'Patriarchal institution' were some faithful Abolitionists 'takin' notes,' and they took good care to 'prent them,' or to have them printed, in two newspapers of the stamp that do such things. Taking into account the late presence and acts of these men, a 'special season' was devoted, at one of our meetings, to Methodism and Slavery, the audience seeming interested and earnest in the matter. Methodist stock was evidently *below par* in Walworth.

I next went to Macedon Centre, and had a meeting in the Friends' Meeting House (Hicksite). An allusion to the Walworth Methodist Conference called to his feet the Presiding Elder, who was present, and three preachers or exhorters came to the rescue, seeming disposed, for a time, to gain their point by *power of voice*. However, at last something *approaching* order was observed, and our discussion was kept up some three hours, with much earnestness, ending, I fear, not in their *conversion*, but in the *conviction*, I trust, of some of the hearers. A sadly false position these men are standing in, and of course are sensitive of any *exposé* of their *real* influence.

At Egypt (near Rochester), I had an excellent meeting, and have since visited Williamson and Pultneyville—speaking in the former place, in a church, Sunday afternoon, with a good audience—in the evening, at the latter, to a small number of intelligent people. The efforts of Rev. Mr. Gregg, an anti-sectarian preacher, a reformer and an earnest man of noble humanity and devotedness, have done much in these places for the past year or two.

Some two weeks since, I left Rochester for the East, and spent a week in Easton, Washington Co. Meetings held during the week were rather small, owing to the bad weather and roads, but on Sunday we had an excellent gathering, in a large Friends' Meeting House (Hicksite). Several of the Friends there are getting beyond the fear of that august body, the New York Yearly Meeting. A preacher of the conservative stamp visited them, a few months since—a man of repute and staidness, of course—and his 'communications' called forth a 'testimony' from some hearer not especially comforting to Quakerism as upheld by the Monthly Meeting of your city, although quite accordant with what a Quaker of the olden time might have felt and uttered. The friends of the slave are active and earnest in that section, doing their work day by day—a reward 'passing all understanding' will compensate their perseverance in good works and words. At Union Village, I had one meeting in the Congregational Church, respectable, but not large in numbers, excellent in *quality*—the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Shattuck, giving his cordial aid presence. A few active and intelligent men and women are doing their work there. It is a beautiful town, a pleasant place to visit when lecturing, kind welcomes, audience ready to hear—much pro-slavery, it is true, and bitter sometimes, but a healthful feeling among the *better portion* of the people. Just before visiting Washington County, I spent some ten days in Madison County, visiting Peterboro, and enjoying much several interviews with Gerrit Smith, whom I found in good health, busily preparing for his Congressional vocation. Yours truly, G. B. Stebbins.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This great Society is governed by a few New York lay and clerical gentlemen. So far as relates to finances and to business operations generally, it has been governed with great fidelity and ability. But the gentlemen directors are for the most part rich merchants of the Union-saving committee stamp and fashionable Cotton divines. It is not often that these gentlemen have an opportunity, in their character as Bible Society Directors, to manifest their sympathy with Slavery, and their hatred of the Abolitionists. Two opportunities have recently occurred and have been embraced. It has been determined of late to open the anniversary meeting with prayer. The Rev. Gardiner Spring had made himself notorious as the Chaplain of the Union Safety Committee, praying and feasting with Hangman Foote, of Mississippi. He had, moreover, preached a horrid sermon in which he declared he would not, if he had the power, liberate the slaves by a prayer; and he rejoiced that the Fugitive Law would drive the fugitive slaves from among us. This man of God was selected to present the prayers of the Society to the common Father of us all at the last anniversary. The Society thus expressing their approbation of his views on Slavery and slave catching. Surely, no slaveholder could refuse his support of a Society which selected Gardiner Spring to pray for them.

Another opportunity recently occurred, and was embraced, of showing the feeling of the Board in regard to Slavery. Of all Northern religious apologists of Slavery, and calumniators of its opponents, the New York *Observer* has long been distinguished for its extreme malignity, and its unwearying industry.

Years ago, the Rev. Dr. Nelson, author of a work on Infidelity, himself a Southern man, thus wrote: "Of all Northern periodicals, the New York *Observer* must have the preference as an efficient support of Slavery. I am not sure but it does more than all things combined to keep the dreadful system alive." Now, never has this great Cotton Sheet been more violent in its assaults on Abolitionists than within the last few months. It was reserved for the Editor of the *Observer* to assail the religious character of Mrs. Stowe, and to denounce her great and glorious work as "an Anti-Christian book!" and to urge on the Rev. Joel Parker in making a fool of himself, by bringing a ridiculous charge of libel against Mrs. Stowe, and threatening a suit against her for damaging his precious reputation, to the amount of *twenty thousand dollars!*

The Board had appointed no less than three clergymen, to appear as the representatives of the American Bible Society at the anniversary of the British Society. It was a large delegation, the largest, it is believed, ever appointed. Not a man of the three was suspected of being tinctured with Abolition—not one was known to have written a line indicating the slightest sympathy for the slave. Still the Board was uneasy, a demonstration might be made in behalf of our Southern Brethren, and so, as if the three already appointed were insufficient and incompetent representatives of American Christianity, the work was perfected by the appointment of the Editor of the New York Observer. So this man is to go to England, and is to be introduced to British Christians, with all his labours in behalf of human bondage, with all his slanders of Abolitionists, with all his assaults on the religious character of Harriet Beecher Stowe, with all his eulogiums of poor Joel Parker, and his lamentations for his wrongs endorsed by the American Bible Society! Let the Society now carry out its work by making Joel Parker its Corresponding Secretary, and then it can boast, as the Slaveholders say in Congress, "a clean record;" it can repudiate every suspicion of wishing to meddle with Slavery, or of giving its Bibles to the slaves, or for praying of them, by pointing to their honoured trio—Spring, Prime and Parker.

A. B.

THE NEW YORK CHURCH JOURNAL.

Unhappily for the cause of true religion, another religious paper has been established in our city. That a religious paper conducted with a sole view to the glory of God and the good of man, and for that purpose urging obedience to the principles and precepts of the Gospel of Christ, might be eminently useful, cannot be questioned. Equally unquestionably is it that most of the so-called religious papers have for their objects the profit of their proprietors and the extension of the several sects to which they belong. To promote the influence of their own sect, they make war upon all others; and hence, instead of cultivating Christan love and harmony, and rallying Christians in a united body against the powers of Darkness, they are filling the Church with wrath, and malice, and evil speaking, and all uncharitableness. The new Journal seems to be one of the very worst class. It is very smart in sneers and insults and balderdash. Such things as gentleness, courtesy, love, meekness, and long suffering, seem to be unknown to its conductor. As there are many Episcopalians in the South, whose subscriptions would be convenient, the *Journal* is a thorough cotton paper, and, regardless of truth and decency, berates England in a tone of vulgar malignity we had supposed belonged exclusively to the Satanic press. The abuse of England is excited by her Anti-Slavery sympathies, and this, with the slime it casts on Mrs. Stowe, are both intended to catch slaveholding subscribers. The following beautiful and Christian editorial graces the number of the 9th inst.:

England.—Two characteristic events have come out side by side in England, which teach a lesson, if conceited philanthropists—whose feelings are most deeply agitated in sympathy for sorrows that are practically inaccessible—had only wit enough to learn. For the first time in the history of the British Empire, the Imperial Parliament is appealed to, to protect and defend wives from the horrible brutality of their own husbands: a tendency so general on the part of said husbands, that it is acknowledged to be a "national disgrace." Mr. Fitzroy, on introducing the measure, enumerated an awful list of facts to show the need of parliamentary interference. The London *Evening Journal* almost trebles the list out of its own police reports during two months, in London alone. And the very numbers of the paper which have come to us this week add not a few cases of "the same sort," showing that they are not all enumerated yet. It seems that wives, in England, may be banged, battered, hammered, bruised, knocked down, kicked and stabbed; and often the brute only suffers to the amount of a small fine, by way of damages. England, long ago, began to legislate against cruelty to animals. Progress is slow, but it is coming at last. It now seems that, in the middle of this nineteenth century, the British parliament has at length reached such a height of philanthropy, that it is about to give as much protection to an English wife as if she were a horse or a dog.

At the same time the above startling facts and the proposed bill are brought before the Parliament, a novel, founded on the cruelty of treating black barbarian servants in the peculiar mode in which British freemen treat their wives, has produced an exeitement, the extravagance of which is becoming strangely grotesque. At the Duchess of Sutherland's — Stafford House, where the Letter of Address was first started—a number of the ladies concerned held a meeting for winding up the business. The Address has been engrossed on vellum, regardless of expense. The signatures make twenty-six large folio volumes, containing in all 562,848 names, from almost every corner of the known world. An oaken case is to hold it all. It is to be exhibited in England first, as a thing to be proud of; and then Mrs. Stowe is to make as much noise about it as possible, in America, as a thing *she* is to be very proud of, too. Wouldn't it be kind in Mrs. Stowe to try what can be done for the poor, miserable, battered wives of Englishmen, while she is enjoying the hospitalities of Stafford House? Would it not be quite as amiable, and, in all probability, quite as effective, for the Duchess of Sutherland to labour in the Parliament of her own country in behalf of her oppressed white sisters, as to be meddling in the affairs of the Congress and State Legislatures of America, in behalf of black and brown sisters who are 3,000 miles off? These British wives are nothing but poor white women, it is true. Yet we hope really, for the credit of her own good sense, that Mrs. Stowe will do *something* to get free married women as kindly treated as horses are. Or is she one of those ill birds the proverb speaks of, who never foul any but their own nests?

And so this Reverend Editor thinks it very impertinent to meddle in behalf of the poor, and oppressed, and ignorant, at the distance of 3,000 miles, while his own Church is sending Bishops and Missionaries to meddle with the affairs and religion of the Chinese and Africans. We know nothing about the discussion in Parliament to which he refers, but we do know that England is not the only place in which wives are treated with brutality. We could tell this Cotton Parson of a country in which wives are mere articles of merchandise, vendible beasts of burden; separated at pleasure from their husbands and children, and sent to market with pigs and mules. We could prove to him that the number of wives so treated may be counted by hundreds of thousands. But what would the *Journal* Editor care for wives with an heterodox complexion. The wicked English sometimes beat *white* wives. What a horrid people! But possibly white wives are sometimes beaten—nay, instances may occur in which they are murdered—out of England. Possibly the Editor may have cause to wish that "Mrs. Stowe will do *something* to get *free* married women as kindly treated" in the City of New York "as horses are." On taking up the New York *Tribune* of this morning (April 20), I find the following in one paragraph, viz.:

"*Patrick Fitzgerald* is just found guilty of shooting his wife, while under the influence of liquour.

Thomas Neary is also found guilty of beating his wife's brains out with a mallet while he was crazy drunk. The deed was done before the eyes of his children, whom he threatened to kill, if they made a noise *John Murphy* at Fall River last week tied his wife to the bed, and forced sulphuric acid down her throat, thereby killing her. He had drunk half a pint of gin a few hours before."

But the *Tribune*, perhaps, like Mrs. Stowe, is one of those ill-birds who never foul any but their own nests. Our man of God, is indignant that sins *at home* should be exposed. Let us abuse England because their wives are sometimes "banged, battered, hammered, bruised, knocked down, kicked and stabbed," but don't let us foul our own nest, by any allusions to American wives beaten, scourged, prostituted and sold in the market, not against, but "according to law."

From such ministers of the New Testament as the unknown editor of the *Church Journal*, good Lord deliver us. O. S.

We were requested, some time since, by a correspondent (L. B. F.) to republish The Fugitive Slave Act, and have delayed doing so, not from any unwillingness to comply with the request, but because we have not seen the time when it seemed proper to exclude from our columns the new and interesting matter which is constantly pressing upon us to make room for a document which ought to be familiar to everybody. It may be, however, that our correspondent is right, that there are very many people who are not familiar with the odious details of this law, and that Abolitionists may be prompted to make a good use of it by having it again brought to their attention. It is certain, at least, that its character and purpose are not lost sight of at Washington, for more than one of the newspaper correspondents in that city have declared that the President has announced that his selection of District Attornies and Marshals should be significant of his unalterable determination to maintain and enforce this execrable edict.

L. B. F., in preferring his request, thus speaks of the Bill:

. . . . "If it is to be the foundation upon which this government is to stand—the principle by which we are to live, move, and have our being—it will be well to have it where we can lay our hands upon it, and become acquainted with its Satanic character.

"There are thousands who have never seen *the thing;* none of the pro-slavery papers publish it, and three-fourths of the people drink only from that fountain of unclean waters.

"For my part, I care but little about the law, as I am sure I shall disregard it as long as I have my senses.

"All look upon it with disgust, but are unwilling to have the peace of their house disturbed by the question, and so 'pass by on the other side,' nursing their conscience to sleep by reading 'Webster on Prejudice.'

"The people who founded this government were all fugitives, who ran away from George III. of England, who sent his officers after them, keeping up the chase some seven years; but they killed his men and destroyed his armies, and would not return to the house of bondage again. One would suppose they would be the last people, after setting such an example, to make fugitive slave laws for others; but as they have done so, it must stand as one of the wonders of the age in which we live."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

A BILL to amend the Act entitled "An Act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the persons who have been, or may hereafter be, appointed commissioners, in virtue of any act of Congress, by the circuit courts of the United States, and who, in consequence of such appointment, are authorized to exercise the powers that any justice of the peace or other magistrate of any of the United States may exercise in respect to offenders for any crime or offence against the United States, by arresting, imprisoning or bailing the same under and by virtue of the thirty-third section of the act of the twenty-fourth of September, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, entitled "An act to establish the judicial courts of the United States," shall be, and are hereby, authorized and required to exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the superior court of each organized territory of the United States shall have the same power to appoint commissioners to take acknowledgments of bail and affidavit, and to take depositions of witnesses in civil causes, which is now possessed by the circuit courts of the United States; and all commissioners who shall hereafter be appointed for such purposes by the superior court of any organized territory of the United States shall possess all the powers and exercise all the duties conferred by law upon the commissioners appointed by the circuit courts of the United States for similar purposes, and shall moreover exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the circuit courts of the United States, and the superior courts of each organized territory in the United States, shall from time to time enlarge the number of commissioners, with a view to afford reasonable facilities to reclaim fugitives from labour, and to the prompt discharge of the duties imposed by this act

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That the commissioners above named shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the judges of the circuit and district courts of the United States, in their respective circuits and districts within the several States, and the judges of the superior courts of the Territories, severally and collectively, in term time and vacation; and shall grant certificates to such claimants, upon satisfactory proof being made, with authority to take and remove such fugitives from service or labour, under the restrictions herein contained, to the State or Territory from which such persons may have escaped or fled.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of all marshals and deputy marshals to obey and execute all warrants and precepts issued under the provisions of this act, when to them directed, and should any marshal or deputy marshal refuse to receive such warrant or other process, when tendered, or to use all proper means diligently to execute the same, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of one thousand dollars to the use of such claimant, on the motion of such claimant, by the circuit or district court for the district of such marshal; and after arrest of such fugitive by such marshal or his deputy, or whilst at any time in his custody, under the provisions of this act, should such fugitive escape, whether with or without the assent of such marshal or his deputy, such marshal shall be liable, on his official bond, to be prosecuted, for the benefit of such claimant, for the full value of the service or labour of said fugitive in the State, Territory or district whence he is escaped; and the better to enable the said commissioners, when thus appointed, to execute their duties faithfully and efficiently, in conformity with the requirements of the constitution of the United States and of this act, they are hereby authorized and empowered, within their counties respectively, to appoint, in writing under their hands, any one or more suitable persons, from time to time, to execute all such warrants and other process as may be issued by them in the lawful performance of their respective duties; with an authority to such commissioners, or the persons to be appointed by them, to execute process as aforesaid, to summon and call to their aid the bystanders, or *posse comitatus* of the proper county, when necessary, to insure a faithful observance of the clause of the constitution referred to, in conformity with the provisions of this act: and all good citizens are hereby commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required, as aforesaid, for that purpose; and said warrants shall run and be executed by said officers anywhere in the State within which they are issued.

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That when a person held to service or labour in any State or Territory of the United States has heretofore or shall hereafter escape into another State or Territory of the United States, the person or persons to whom such service or labour may be due, or his, her or their agent or attorney, duly authorized, by power of attorney, in writing, acknowledged and certified under the seal of some legal office or court of the State or Territory in which the same may be executed, may pursue and reclaim such fugitive person, either by procuring a warrant from some one of the courts, judges, or commissioners aforesaid, of the proper circuit, district or county, for the apprehension of such fugitive from service or labour, or by seizing and arresting such fugitive, where the same can be done without process, and by taking or causing such person to be taken, forthwith, before such court, judge or commissioner, whose duty it shall be to hear and determine the case of such claimant in a summary manner; and upon satisfactory proof being made, by deposition or affidavit, in writing, to be taken and certified by such court, judge, or commissioner, or by other satisfactory testimony, duly taken and certified by some court, magistrate, justice of the peace, or other legal officer authorized to administer an oath and take depositions under the laws of the State or Territory from which such person owing service or labour may have escaped, with a certificate of such magistracy or other authority, as aforesaid, with the seal of the proper court or officer thereto attached, which seal shall be sufficient to establish the competency of the proof, and with proof, also by affidavit, of the identity of the person whose service or labour is claimed to be due as aforesaid, that the person so arrested does in fact owe service or labour to the person or persons claiming him or her, in the State or Territory from which such fugitive may have escaped as aforesaid, and that said person escaped, to make out and deliver to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, a certificate setting forth the substantial facts as to the service or labour due from such fugitive to the claimant, and of his or her escape from the State or Territory in which such service or labour was due to the State or Territory in which he or she was arrested, with authority to such claimant, or his or her agent or attorney, to use such reasonable force and restraint as may be necessary under the circumstances of the case, to take and remove such fugitive person back to the State or Territory from whence he or she may have escaped as aforesaid. In no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of such alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence; and the certificates in this and the first section mentioned shall be conclusive of the right of the person or persons in whose favour granted to remove such fugitive to the State or Territory from which he escaped, and shall prevent all molestation of said person or persons by any process issued by any court, judge, magistrate or other person whomsoever.

Sec. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct, hinder or prevent such claimant, his agent or attorney, or any person or persons lawfully assisting him, her, or them, from arresting such a fugitive from service or labour, either with or without process as aforesaid; or shall rescue, or attempt to rescue, such fugitive from service or labour, or from the custody of such claimant, his or her agent or attorney or other person or persons lawfully assisting as aforesaid, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given and declared; or shall aid, abet, or assist such person, so owing service or labour as aforesaid, directly or indirectly, to escape from such claimant, his agent or attorney, or other person or persons legally authorized as aforesaid; or shall harbour or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery and arrest of such person, after notice or knowledge of the fact that such person was a fugitive from service or labour as aforesaid, shall, for either of said offences, be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, by indictment and conviction before the District Court of the United States for the district in which such offences may have been committed, or before the proper court of criminal jurisdiction, if committed within any one of the organized Territories of the United States; and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost as aforesaid, to be recovered by action of debt in any of the District or Territorial Courts aforesaid, within whose jurisdiction the said offence may have been committed.

Sec. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the marshals, their deputies, and the clerks of the said district and territorial courts, shall be paid for their services the like fees as may be allowed to them for similar services as in other cases: and where such services are rendered exclusively in the arrest, custody, and delivery of the fugitive to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney, or where such supposed fugitive may be discharged out of custody from the want of sufficient proof as aforesaid, then such fees are to be paid in the whole by such complainant, his agent or attorney; and in all cases where the proceedings are before a commissioner, he shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars in full for his services in each case, upon the delivery of the said certificate to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney; or a fee of five dollars in cases where proof shall not, in the opinion of such commissioner, warrant such certificate and delivery, inclusive of all services incident to such arrest and examination, to be paid, in either case, by the claimant, his or her agent or attorney. The person or persons authorized to execute the process to be issued by such commissioners for the arrest and detention of fugitives from service or labour as aforesaid shall also be entitled to a fee of five dollars each for each person he or they may arrest and take before any such commissioner as aforesaid, at the instance and request of such claimant, with such other fees as may be deemed reasonable by such commissioner for such other additional services as may be necessarily performed by him or them: such as attending to the examination, keeping the fugitive in custody, and providing him with food and lodging during his detention, and until the final determination of such commissioner; and in general for performing such other duties as may be required by such claimant, his or her attorney or agent, or commissioner in the premises; such fees to be made up in conformity with the fees usually charged by the officers of the courts of justice within the proper district or county, as near as may be practicable, and paid by such claimants, their agents or attorneys, whether such supposed fugitive from service or labour be ordered to be delivered to such claimants by the final determination of such commissioners or not.

Sec. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That upon affidavit made by the claimant of such fugitive, his agent or attorney, after such certificate has been issued, that he has reason to apprehend that such fugitive will be rescued by force from his or their possession before he can be taken beyond the limits of the State in which the arrest is made, it shall be the duty of the officer making the arrest to retain such fugitive in his custody, and to remove him to the State whence he fled, and there to deliver him to said claimant, agent or attorney. And to this end the officer aforesaid is hereby authorized and required to employ so many persons as he may deem necessary, to overcome such force, and to retain them in his service so long as circumstances may require; the said officer and his assistants, while so employed, to receive the same compensation, and to be allowed the same expenses as are now allowed by law for the transportation of criminals, to be certified by the judge of the district within which the arrest is made, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States.

Sec. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That when any person held to service or labour in any State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia, shall escape therefrom, the party to whom such service or labour shall be due, his, her, or their agent or attorney may apply to any court of record therein, or judge thereof, in vacation, and make such satisfactory proof to such court, or judge, in vacation, of the escape aforesaid, and that the person escaping owed service or labour to such party. Whereupon the court shall cause a record to be made of the matters so proved, and also a general description of the person so escaping, with such convenient certainty as may be; and a transcript of such record, authenticated by the attestation of the clerk, and of the seal of the said court, being produced in any other State or Territory, or District in which the person so escaping may be found, and being exhibited to any judge, commissioner, or other officer, authorized by the law of the United States to cause persons escaping from service or labour to be delivered up, shall be held and taken to be full and conclusive evidence of the fact of escape, and that the service or labour of the person escaping is due to the party in such record mentioned. And upon the production by the said party of other and further evidence, if necessary, either oral or by affidavit, in addition to what is contained in the said record of the identity of the person escaping, he or she shall be delivered up to the claimant. And the said court, commissioner, judge, or other person authorized by this act to grant certificates to claimants of fugitives, shall, upon the production of the record and other evidences aforesaid, grant to such claimant a certificate of his right to take any such person identified and proved to be owing service or labour as aforesaid, which certificate shall authorize such claimant to seize or arrest and transport such person to the State or Territory from which he escaped: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as requiring the production of a transcript of such record as evidence as aforesaid; but in its absence, the claim shall be heard and determined upon other satisfactory proofs competent in law.

Miscellaneous News.

A Woman dressed herself in male attire, and passing herself off as a man, voted at the late election in Cincinnati, and for doing so has been sentenced to twenty days imprisonment, with bread and water alone for her food and drink, during that time.

The death of Mr. King is not the first instance of a vacancy in the Vice-Presidency. George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry died while they were Vive-Presidents, in 1812 and 1814. George Clinton, of New York, the fourth Vice-President of the United States, died in office, April, 1812, in the last year of his second term, William H. Crawford being President *pro tem.* of the Senate. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, the fifth Vice President, died at Washington, in November, 1814, it being the second year of his term, and Mr. John Gaillard being President *pro tem.* of the Senate.

The Methodist Church and Slavery.—The Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at present in session at New Bedford, passed, on the 18th inst., a series of resolutions strongly denouncing Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law. These were unanimously adopted. They declare Slavery 'to be contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature'—that 'the Church of Christ should keep herself pure from all sinful connection with it,' while they sympathize with those friends who find themselves in such a position that they cannot emancipate their slaves without committing a moral wrong, and inflicting upon the poor bondman a greater evil than Slavery itself. The Fugitive Slave Law was also denounced 'as most barbarous, cruel, unjust, and wicked.'

Coloured Owners and Crew.—The Portland *Advertiser* says: "A fine fore-and-aft clipper built schooner, of about 240 tuns burden, called the Jeanette, launched from the ship yard of Messrs. Turner & Harris, Cape Elizabeth, is now rigging at Franklin Wharf, in that city. She is owned by Joseph P. Tailor and Eldridge P. Talbot (coloured persons), and is to have an entire coloured crew, with Mr. Tailor for commander, and Mr. Talbot for first officer. She is intended for a freighter."

Suppose (adds the *Tribune*) this 'freighter' should be driven by stress of weather into a southern port, where, according to statute 'in such case made provided,' the Captain and crew would be arrested and imprisoned to await the sailing of the vessel. Now, with the owners and crew snugly in the calaboose, how long before the Jeannette would be ready to sail? Will the *Journal of Commerce* or *Express* please to cipher?

The Great Panhandle Controversy. — Our readers, we venture to say, have never heard of this great dispute; but we must tell them that it involves the interests of two of the largest States of the confederacy. There is a place in Virginia, it seems, in the counties of Brooke and Hancock, called the Panhandle, the inhabitants of which are tired of the Old Dominion, and wish to be annexed to Pennsylvania. They say that, as their geographical position subjects them to many inconveniences, civil and political, for which they can see no remedy except by separation or a system of legislation which the Virginia Legislature has repeatedly refused them, and as they conceive it improbable that their welfare will be promoted by connection with a State which holds towards them the attitude of an oppressor, they therefore solemnly pledge themselves to accomplish, if possible, a separation. Already large and enthusiastic meetings have been held, at which the most doughty resolutions were passed.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The waiters at the Franklin House, a few days ago, struck for an increase of wages, and gave the proprietors notice that they should quit at the end of the week, if their demand was not acceded to. The keepers of the hotel immediately engaged a number of young women, and introduced them into the dining-rooms to wait upon the table. The male waiters instantly left the house, but the female waiters performed their duties so well, and so much to the satisfaction of the boarders and the employers, that the latter have concluded to retain them as attendants, dispensing entirely hereafter with male servants.—*Phil. Ledger, 20th.*

The Slave Trade.—We learn from a credible source that *three* Portuguese Captains, and one Catalan merchant, arrived from Cuba by the Cherokee and Black Warrior steamers, and are now in this city, making arrangements for despatching vessels to the Coast of Africa to engage in the slave trade, between that Coast and Cuba. They have already contracted for three clippers to be built at Baltimore, and are making other preparations in this city.

It is known that there are now in this city, several mercantile houses extensively engaged in the slave trade, and that half a dozen vessels have recently left this and other American ports, for the African Coast. These vessels clear for some Cuban port, where they never arrive; and being provided with false papers, and sailing under the American flag, they succeed in reaching the Coast, obtaining cargoes of slaves and landing them in Cuba, with the connivance and complicity of the Spanish authorities.—*Times.*

An exchange paper states that about 19 years ago, a Mr. Hait, of Wilton, in Fairfield County, Connecticut, then a remarkably good student in his collegiate course, was suddenly deprived of his reason and memory. Under these circumstances, his father, Rev. Mr. Hait, sent him to Hartford, but finding no relief he sent him to Dr. Chaplain, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The doctor said there was no present relief for him, but at the age of thirty-six or thirty-seven there would be a change; that the brain was too much expanded for the cranium, and there would at that age be a contraction, which would enable it to act healthily. His anxious father and family saw their hope peremptorily deferred for nineteen years. That time has recently expired, and to their great joy, the prophecy is fulfilled. The man began to inquire for his books as if he had just laid them down, and resumed his mathematical studies where he left them. There was no trace on his mind of this long blank in his life, of anything which had occurred in it, and he did not know that he was almost forty years of age.

Gold Bricks.—We yesterday had an opportunity of inspecting two samples of the bars of gold recently authorized by the act of Congress. Each was in the form of a brick. The larger one was about two-thirds the size of a common brick, and contained 220 ounces and 24 hundredths of the precious metal, which weight was stamped upon it. On the opposite side was pasted a paper label, stating the intrinsic value of the ingot to be $4,504 97, and that the deduction of a half per cent. for molting, refining, and stamping, left $4,482 45 as the price which would be paid for it in gold coins at the mint. The smaller or miniature brick, having similar marks, contained 14 ounces and 42 hundredths, and was worth $233 71; from which we deduct the half per cent. leaves $232 54, as the price which will be paid in coin for it at the mint. We fancy there is here and there a stout individual who of this kind of bricks would not object for a short time to carry 'a brick in his hat,' and numerous others, robust and feeble, who would like very well to have their strong boxes walled on the inside with them.—*Washington Republic.*

American Nicknames in France.—A Paris letter-writer quotes from an agreeable article in the *Journal des Debats*, on the nicknames given by the Americans to their great men. Some of them are even more graphic and descriptive in French than in English. *Dan-le-Noir* is a little softer than Black Dan, which needed softening. *Le Divin* is hardly equal to the Godlike, and *Le Grand Explicateur* is certainly inferior to the Great Expounder—just as explaining is subordinate to expounding. *Le Garcon de Charrette* is a fair rendering of the Wagon Boy. Old Rough and Ready is translated by *Vieux Rude et Pret-a-tout*. This is energetic and suggestive, but has the misfortune to resemble the slang soubriquets of the Paris desperadoes and of the more flashy of the swell-mob. Mr. Van Buren is to be known in France as *Le Petit Sorcier*.

Benton is Frenchified into *Vieux Lingot*, or Old Ingot, Old Junk of Gold, Old Bullion. Scott's hasty plate of soup is so disfigured, that it means quite another thing. It is rendered by *Vite, une assiette-de-soupe:* Quick! a plate of soup here—as if the General was calling to the butler for his dinner on a drum-head, in the midst of a raking fire. The *Decats* states, indeed, that this is the meaning—' descriptive of a battle, interrupted by an improvised repast.' The French are not particularly good at nicknames. The Little Corporal is perhaps their triumph in this line of invention.—*Post.*

Some weeks since Prince Paul, of Wurtemberg, having returned from his third scientific exploration of our Western territories, in the course of which he added largely to his collections in Botany, Zoology and Mineralogy, sailed from this port on his way to the Straits of Magellan and Patagonia, for the purpose of exploring the extremety of the South American Continent. The undertaking is a bold one, but the Prince is as much a man of courage, invention and endurance as he is a savan, and if any one can accomplish the task he has undertaken, it is himself. The great dangers to be apprehended are from the savages and want of food, and against both these the adventurous traveler goes as well provided as possible. One of the questions we may expect to have settled by the party is, whether the precious metals abound in the mountains of that inhospitable region. Nothing is more likely than that it will turn out another El Dorado, and add its quota to the golden flood that is pouring upon the world. Of course, if the Prince finds valuable mines there he will have the right to take possession of a reasonable proportion of the same, for his own working, after which the rest must be thrown open to the use of mankind at large, like those of California and Australia. It would add a new feature to the revolutions of this revolutionary century if Patagonia should rise into importance, become a German colony, and suddenly come to wield a mighty power in the balance of commerce and industry. Such a thing may very easily happen, but meanwhile let us wait in patience for the report of the Princely explorer.—*Tribune.*

Disastrous Effects of Novel Reading.—The Aurora (Indiana) *Standard* (says the *Tribune*) tells a story of a slave in Poone county, Kentucky, who had learned to read, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of a copy of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which he read by stealth to his fellow slaves. The glowing pictures given of the sympathy and aid received by George and Eliza, in their escape from Kentucky to Canada, so operated on their imaginations, that 25 of them ran off on the evening of the 2d April, and, so far as we have heard have not been recaptured. What adds to the baseness of the act on the part of several of these runaways is, that they were the property of a minister of the gospel of Christ! But perhaps the most aggravated of these cases of crime is that of Wash. Parker, over whom the *Independent Banner* thus lugubriously discourses:

"One of the negroes by the name of Wash., belonging to Harvey Parker, was quite a favourite with his master and all who knew him, and had every privilege of a white man. He rode the best horse and saddle there was on the farm, with perfect impunity, and had several acres of land at his disposal for cultivation; and on Sabbaths was one of the best dressed and sauciest looking fellows at church. But poor devil! prosperity and good fortune were too much for him, and he run away to be miserable."

Altogether the facts in this case go to show in a most affecting manner, the pernicious tendency of novel reading upon slaves.

Its effect upon masters in some cases is little better, leading them to the most insane destruction of the value of property, both to themselves and to their heirs and assigns after them. A case related by a correspondent of the *National Era*, writing from St. Louis under date of March 15, gives an example in point of the effects produced by reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

H. D. Bacon, Esq., the eminent banker of this city, and one of the most distinguished citizens of the West, both for his liberality and enterprise, as well as for giving freely of his riches to build churches and endow colleges, had a favourite female slave, who, with her child, were the only slaves he owned, and which for some years he had left entirely uncontrolled. The woman was married to a free man of colour, both being pious Christians, and, with her husband, was careless to procure free papers, which it was expected she could get any time, when solicited. After reading "Uncle Tom," Mr. Bacon was convinced of the necessity of immediate action, and spoke to the confiding husband and wife of their perilous condition, in case he should die suddenly; wishing or rather urging them to procure the required security immediately, that they might be by law, what they only now were by his consent, free—all of which, I am happy to say, has been satisfactorily arranged, agreeably to both parties.

Miscellaneous Department.

STOPPED PAYMENT, AT CRANFORD.

WAS the "poor Peter" of Cranford the Aga Jenkyns of Chunderabaddad, or was he not? As somebody says, that was the question.

In my own home, whenever people had nothing had once given of a Ladies' Committee that he had had to preside over. He said he could not help thinking of a passage in Hood, which spoke of a chorus in which every man took the tune he knew best, and sang it to his own satisfaction. else to do, they blamed me for want of discretion. Indiscretion was my bugbear fault. Everybody has a bugbear fault; a sort of standing characteristic—a *piece de resistance* for their friends to cut at; and in general they cut and came again. I was tired of being called indiscreet and incautious; and I determined for once to prove myself a model of prudence and wisdom. I would not even hint my suspicions respecting the Aga. I would collect evidence and carry it home to lay before my father, as the family friend of the two Miss Jenkyn's. In my search after facts I was often reminded of a description my father

So, at this charitable committee, every lady took the subject uppermost in her mind, and talked about it to her own great contentment, but not much to the advancement of the subject they had met to discuss. But even that committee could have been nothing to the Cranford ladies when I attempted to gain some clear and definite information as to Peter's height, appearance, and when and where he was seen and heard of last. For instance, I remember asking Miss Pole (and I thought the question was very opportune, for I put it when I met her at a call at Mrs. Forrester's and both the ladies had known Peter, and I imagined that they might refresh each other's memories); I asked Miss Pole what was the very last thing they had ever heard about him; and then she named the absurd report to which I have alluded, about his having been elected great Lama of Thibet; and this was a signal for each lady to go off on her separate idea. Mrs. Forrester's start was made on the Veiled Prophet in Lalla Rookh, whether I thought he was meant for the Great Lama, though Peter was not so ugly, indeed rather handsome if he had not been freckled. I was thankful to see her double upon Peter; but, in a moment, the delusive lady was off upon Rowland's Kalydor, and the merits of cosmetics and hair oils in general, and holding forth so fluently that I turned to listen to Miss Pole, who (through the llamas, the beasts of burden) had got to Peruvian bonds, and the Share Market, and her poor opinion of joint-stock banks in general, and of that one in particular in which Miss Matey's money was invested. In vain I put in, "When was it—in what year was it that you heard that Mr. Peter was the great Lama?" They only joined issue to dispute whether llamas were carnivorous animals or not, in which dispute they were not quite on fair grounds, as Mrs. Forrester (after they had grown warm and cool again) acknowledged that she always confused carnivorous and graminivorous together, just as she did horizontal and perpendicular; but then she apologized for it very prettily, by saying that in her day the only use people made of four-syllabled words was to teach how they should be spelt. The only fact I gained from this conversation was that certainly Peter had last been heard of in India, "or that neighbourhood;" and that this scanty intelligence of his whereabouts had reached Cranford in the year when Miss Pole had bought her India muslin gown, long since worn out; we washed it and mended it, and traced its decline and fall into a window-blind before we could go on; and in a year when Wombell came to Cranford, because Miss Matey had wanted to see an elephant in order that she might the better imagine Peter riding on one; and had seen a boa constrictor too, which was more than she wished to imagine in her fancy pictures of Peter's locality; and in a year when Miss Jenkyns had learnt some piece of poetry off by heart, and used to say, at all the Cranford parties, how Peter was surveying mankind from China to Peru, which everybody had thought very grand and rather appropriate, because India was between China and Peru, if you took care to turn the globe to the left instead of the right.

I suppose all these enquiries of mine, and the consequent curiosity excited in the minds of my friends, made us blind and deaf to what was going on around us. It seemed to me as if the sun rose and shone, and as if the rain rained on Cranford just as usual, and I did not notice any sign of the times that could be considered as a prognostic of any uncommon event; and to the best of my belief, not only Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester, but even Miss Pole herself, whom we looked upon as a kind of prophetess from the knack she had of foreseeing things before they came to pass—although she did not like to disturb her friends by telling them her fore-knowledge—even Miss Pole herself was breathless with astonishment, when she came to tell us of the astounding piece of news. But I must recover myself; the contemplation of it even at this distance of time has taken away my breath and my grammar, and unless I subdue my emotion, my spelling will go too.

We were sitting—Miss Matey and I—much as usual; she in the blue chintz easy chair, with her back to the light, and her knitting in her hand—I reading aloud the newspaper before named in Cranford visiting; a few minutes more and we should have gone to make the little alterations in dress usual before calling time (twelve o'clock) in Cranford. I remember the scene and the date well; we had been talking of the Signor's rapid recovery since the warmer weather had set in, and praising Mr. Hoggins' skill, and lamenting his want of refinement and manner (it seems a curious coincidence that this should have been our subject, but so it was)—when a knock was heard; a caller's knock—three distinct taps—and we were flying (that is to say Miss Matey could not very fast, having had a touch of rheumatism) to our rooms to change caps and collars, when Miss Pole arrested us by calling out as she came up stairs, "Don't go—I can't wait—it is not twelve I know, but never mind your dress; I must speak to you." We did our best to look as if it was not we who had made the hurried movement, the sound of which she had heard; for of course we did not like to have it supposed that we had any old clothes that it was convenient to wear out in the "sanctuary of home," as Miss Jenkyns once prettily called the back parlour, where she was tying up preserves. So we threw our gentility with double force into our manners, and very genteel we were for two minutes while Miss Pole recovered breath, and excited our curiosity strongly by lifting up her hands in amazement, and bringing them down in silence, as if what she had to say was too big for words, and could only be expressed by pantomine.

"What do you think, Miss Matey? What *do* you think? Lady Glenmire is to marry—is to be married, I mean—Lady Glenmire—Mr. Hoggins—Mr. Hoggins is going to marry Lady Glenmire."

"Marry!" said we. "Marry! Madness!"

"Marry!" said Miss Pole with the decision that belonged to her character. "I said Marry! as you do; and I also said, What a fool my lady is going to make of herself. I could have said 'Madness!' but I controlled myself, for it was in a public shop that I heard of it. Where feminine delecacy is gone to I don't know. You and I, Miss Matey, would have been ashamed to have known that our marriage was spoken of in a grocer's shop, in the hearing of shopmen!"

"But," said Miss Matey, sighing as one recovering from a blow, "perhaps it is not true. Perhaps we are doing injustice."

"No!" said Miss Pole. "I have taken care to ascertain that. I went straight to Mrs. Fitz Adam, to borrow a cookery book which I knew she had; and I introduced my congratulations apropos of the difficulty gentlemen must have in house-keeping; and Mrs. Fitz Adam bridled up, and said that she believed it was true, though how and where I could have heard it she did not know. She said her brother and Lady Glenmire had come to an understanding at last. 'Understanding!' such a coarse word! But my lady will have to come down to many a want of refinement. I have reason to believe Mr. Hoggins sups on bread and cheese and beer every night."

"Mary!" said Miss Matey once again. "Well! I never thought of it. Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near!"

So near that my heart stopped beating when I heard of it while you might have counted twelve.

"One does not know whose turn may come next. Here in Cranford poor Lady Glenmire might have thought herself safe," said Miss Matey with gentle pity in her tones.

"Bah!" said Miss Pole with a toss of her head. "Don't you remember poor dear Captain Brown's song, Jibbie Fowler, and the line

'Set her on the Tintorle Tap,
The wind will blaw a man 'till her.'"

"That was because Jibbie Fowler was rich, I think."

"Well! there is a kind of attraction about Lady Glenmire that I, for one, should be ashamed to have."

I put in my wonder. "But how can she have fancied Mr. Hoggins? I am not surprised that Mr. Hoggins has liked her."

"Oh! I don't know. Mr. Hoggins is rich, and very pleasant looking," said Miss Matey, "and very good-tempered and kind-hearted."

"She has married for an establishment, that's it. I suppose she takes the surgery with it," said Miss Pole, with a little dry laugh at her own joke. But, like many people who think they have made a severe and sarcastic speech, which yet is clever of its kind, she began to relax in her grimness from the moment when she made this allusion to the surgery; and we turned to speculate on the way in which Mrs. Jamieson would receive the news. The person whom she had left in charge of her house to keep off followers from her maids, to set up a follower of her own! And that follower a man whom Mrs. Jamieson had tabooed as vulgar, and inadmissable to Cranford society; not merely on account of his name, but because of his voice, his complexion, his boots, smelling of the stable, and himself, smelling of drugs. Had he ever been to see Lady Glenmire at Mrs. Jamieson's? Chloride of lime would not purify the house in its owner's estimation if he had. Or had their interviews been confined to the occasional meetings in the chamber of the poor sick conjuror, to whom, with all our sense of the *mesalliance*, we could not help allowing that they had both been exceedingly kind? And now it turned out that a servant of Mrs. Jamieson's had been ill, and Mr. Hoggins had been attending her for some weeks. So the wolf had got into the fold, and now he was carrying off the shepherdess. What would Mrs. Jamieson say? We looked into the darkness of futurity as a child gazes after a rocket up in the cloudy sky, full of wondering expectation of the rattle, the discharge, and the brilliant shower of sparks and light. Then we brought ourselves down to earth and the present time, by questioning each other (being all equally ignorant, and all equally without the slightest data to build any conclusions upon) as to when IT would take place? Where? How much a year Mr. Hoggins had? Whether she would drop her title? And how Martha and the other correct servants in Cranfork would ever be brought to announce a married couple as Lady Glenmire and Mr. Hoggins? But would they be visited? Would Mrs. Jamieson let us? Or must we choose between the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson and the degraded Lady Glenmire. We all liked Lady Glenmire the best. She was bright, and kind, and sociable, and agreeable; and Mrs. Jamieson was dull, and inert, and pompous, and tiresome. But we had acknowledged the sway of the latter so long, that it seemed like a kind of disloyalty now even to meditate disobedience to the prohibition we anticipated.

Mrs. Forrester surprised us in our darned caps and patched collars; and we forgot all about them in our eagerness to see how she would bear the information, which we honourably left to Miss Pole to impart, although, if we had been inclined to take unfair advantage we might have rushed in ourselves, for she had a most out-of-place fit of coughing for five minutes after Mrs. Forrester entered the room. I shall never forget the imploring expression of her eyes, as she looked at us over her pocket-handkerchief. They said as plain as words could speak, "Don't let Nature deprive me of the treasure which is mine, although for a time I can make no use of it." And we did not. Mrs. Forrester's surprise was equal to ours; and her sense of injury rather greater, because she had to feel for her Order, and saw more fully than we could do how such conduct brought stains on the aristocracy. When she and Miss Pole left us, we endeavoured to subside into calmness; but Miss Matey was really upset by the intelligence she had heard. She reckoned it up, and it was more than fifteen years since she had heard of any of her acquaintance going to be married, with the one exception of Miss Jessie Brown; and as she said, it gave her quite a shock, and made her feel as if she could not think what would happen next. I don't know if it is a fancy of mine, or a real fact, but I have noticed that just after the announcement of an engagement in any set, the unmarried ladies in that set flutter out in an unusal gaiety and newness of dress, as much as to say, in a tacit and unconscious manner, "We are also spinsters." Miss Matey and Miss Pole talked and thought more about bonnets, gowns, caps, and shawls, during the fortnight that succeeded this call, than I had known them to do for years before. But it might be the spring weather, for it was a warm and pleasant March; and merinoes and beavers, and woollen materials of all sorts were but ungracious receptacles of the bright sun's glancing rays. It had not been Lady Glenmire's dress that had won Mr. Hoggins' heart, for she went about on her errands of kindness more shabby than ever; although in the hurried glimpses I caught of her at church or elsewhere, she seemed rather to shun meeting any of her friends; her face seemed to have almost something of the flush of youth in it; her lips looked redder, and more trembling full than in their old compressed state, and her eyes dwelt on all things with a lingering light, as if she was learning to love Cranford and its belongings. Mr. Hoggins looked broad and radiant, and creaked up the middle aisle at church in a bran-new pair of top-boots, an audible, as well as visible, sign of his purposed change of state; for the tradition went that the boots he had worn till now were the identical pair in which he first set out on his rounds in Cranford twenty-five years ago; only they had been new-pieced, high and low, top and bottom, heel and sole, black leather and brown leather, more times than any one could tell.

None of the ladies in Cranford chose to sanction the marriage by congratulating either of the parties. We wished to ignore the whole affair until our liege lady, Mrs. Jamieson, returned. Until she came back to give us our cue, we felt that it would be better to consider the engagement in the same light as the Queen of Spain's legs; facts which certainly existed, but the less said about the better. This restraint upon our tongue—for you see if we did not speak about it to any of the parties concerned, how could we get answers to the questions that we longed to ask?—was beginning to be irksome, and our idea of the dignity of silence was paling before our curiosity, when another direction was given to our thoughts, by an announcement on the part of the principal shopkeeper of Cranford, who ranged the trades from grocer and cheesemonger to man-milliner as occasion required, that the spring fashions were arrived, and would be exhibited on the following Tuesday at his rooms in High Street. Now Miss Matey had been only waiting for this before buying herself a new silk gown. I had offered, it is true, to send to Drumble for patterns, but she had rejected my proposal, gently implying that she had not forgotten her disappointment about the sea-green turban. I was thankful that I was on the spot now to counteract the dazzling fascination of any yellow or scarlet silk. I must say a little about myself. I have spoken of my father's old friendship for the Jenkyns' family; indeed, I am not sure if there was not some distant relationship. He had willingly allowed me to remain all the winter at Cranford, in consideration of a letter which Miss Matey had written to him about the time of the panic, in which I suspect she had exaggerated my powers and my bravery as a defender of the house. But now that the days were longer and more cheerful, he was beginning to urge the necessity of my return; and I only delayed in a sort of odd forlorn hope that if I could obtain any clear information, I might make the account given by the Signora of the Aga Jenkyns tally with that of poor Peter, his appearance and disappearance, which I had winnowed out of the conversation of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester.

The very Tuesday morning on which Mr. Johnson was going to show fashions, the post-woman brought two letters to the house. I say the post-woman, but I should say the postman's wife; he was a lame shoemaker, a very clean honest man, much respected in the town; but he never brought the letters round except on unusual occasions, such as Christmas Day and Good Friday; and on those days the letters which should have been delivered at eight in the morning did not make their appearance until two or three in the afternoon; for every one liked poor Thomas, and gave him a welcome on these festive occasions. He used to say, "he was welly stawed wi' eating, for there was three or four houses where nowt would serve 'em but he must share in their breakfast," and by the time he had done his last breakfast he came to some other friend who was beginning dinner; but come what might in the way of temptation, Tom was always sober, civil and smiling; and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, it was a lesson in patience that she doubted not would call out that precious quality in some minds, where but for Thomas it might have lain dormant and undiscovered. Patience was certainly very latent in Miss Jenkyns' mind. She was always expecting letters, and always drumming on the table till the post-woman had called or gone past. On Christmas Day and Good Friday she drummed from breakfast till church, from church time till two o'clock, unless when the fire wanted stirring, when she invariably knocked down the fire-irons, and scolded Miss Matey for it. But equally certain was the hearty welcome and the good dinner for Thomas; Miss Jenkyns standing over him like a bold dragoon, questioning him as to his children—what they were doing, what school they went to; upbraiding him if another was likely to make its appearance, but sending even the little babies the shilling and the mince-pie which was the gift to all the children, with half-a-crown in addition for both father and mother. The Post was not half of so much consequence to dear Miss Matey; but not for the world would she have diminished Thomas' welcome, and his dole, though I could see that she felt rather shy over the ceremony which had been regarded by Miss Jenkyns as a glorious opportunity for giving advice and benefiting her fellow-creatures. Miss Matey would steal the money all in a lump into his hand, as if she were ashamed of herself. Miss Jenkyns gave him each individual coin separate, with a "There! that's for yourself; that's for Jenny," &c. Miss Matey would even beckon Martha out of the kitchen while he ate his food; and once to my knowledge winked at its rapid disappearance in a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Miss Jenkyns almost scolded him it he did not leave a clean plate, however heaped it might have been, and gave an injunction with every mouthful.

I have wandered a long way from the two letters that awaited us on the breakfast-table that Tuesday morning. Mine was from my father. Miss Matey's was printed. My father's was just a man's letter; I mean it was very dull, and gave no information beyond that he was well, that they had had a good deal of rain, that trade was very stagnant, and many disagreeable rumours afloat. He then asked me, if I knew whether Miss Matey still retained her shares in the Town and County Bank, as there were very unpleasant reports about it; though nothing more than he had always foreseen, and had prophesied to Miss Jenkyns years ago, when she would invest their little property in it; the only unwise step that clever woman had ever taken to his knowledge (the only time she ever acted against his advice, I knew). However if anything had gone wrong, of course I was not to think of leaving Miss Matey while I could be of any use, &c.

"Who is your letter from, my dear? Mine is a very civil invitation signed Edwin Wilson, asking me to attend an important meeting of the shareholders of the Town and County Bank, to be held in Drumble, on Thursday, the 21st. I am sure it is very attentive of them to remember me."

I did not like to hear of this "important meeting," for though I did not know much about business, I feared it confirmed what my father said; however, I thought ill news always came fast enough, so I resolved to say nothing about my alarm, and merely told her that my father was well, and sent his kind regards to her. She kept turning over, and admiring her letter.

"I remember their sending one to Deborah just like this, but that I do not wonder at, for everybody knew she was so clear-headed. I am afraid I could not help them much; indeed, if they came to accounts I should be quite in the way, for I never could do sums in my head. Deborah, I know, rather wished to go, and went so far as to order a new bonnet for the occasion; but when the time came she had a bad cold; so they sent her a very polite account of what they had done. Chosen a Director, I think it was. Do you think they want me to help them to choose a Director? I am sure I should choose your father at once."

"My father has no shares in the Bank," said I

"Oh, no! I remember! He objected very much to Deborah's buying any, I believe. But she was quite the woman of business, and always judged for herself. and here, you see, they have paid eight per. cent. all these years."

It was a very uncomfortable subject to me with my half-knowledge; so I thought I would change the conversation, and I asked at what time she thought we had better go and see the fashions. "Well, my dear," she said, "the thing is this; it is not etiquette to go till after twelve, but then, you see, all Cranford will be there, and one does not like to be too curious about dress and trimmings and caps, with all the world looking on. It is never genteel to be over-curious on these occasions; Deborah had the knack of always looking as if the latest fashion was nothing new to her, a manner she had caught from Lady Arley, who did see all the new modes in London, you know. So I thought we would just slip down this morning soon after breakfast; for I do want half a pound of tea; and then we could go up and examine the things at our leisure, and see exactly how my new silk gown must be made; and then, after twelve, we could go with our minds disengaged, and free from thoughts of dress."

We began to talk of Miss Matey's new silk gown; I discovered that it would be really the first time in her life that she had to choose anything of consequence for herself; for Miss Jenkyns had always been the more decided character, whatever her taste might have been; and it is astonishing how such people carry the world before them by the mere force of will. Miss Matey anticipated the sight of the glossy folds with as much delight as if the five sovereigns set apart for the purchase could buy all the silks in the shop; and (remembering my own loss of two hours in a toy-shop before I could tell on what wonder to spend a silver threepence), I was very glad that we were going early, that dear Miss Matey might have leisure for the delights of perplexity.

If a happy sea-green could be met with, the gown was to be sea-green; if not, she inclined to maize, and I to silver grey; and we discussed the requisite number of breadths until we arrived at the shop-door. We were to buy the tea, select the silk, and then clamber up the iron corkscrew stairs that led into what was once a loft, though now a fashion show room.

The young men at Mr. Johnson's had on their best looks and their best cravats, and pivotted themselves over the counter with surprising activity. They wanted to show us upstairs at once, but on the principle of business first and pleasure afterwards, we stayed to purchase the tea. Here Miss Matey's absence of mind betrayed itself. If she was made aware that she had been drinking green tea at any time, she always thought it her duty to lie awake half through the night afterward (I have known her take it in ignorance many a time without such effects); and consequently green tea was prohibited the house; yet to-day she herself asked for the obnoxious article, under the impression that she was talking about the silk. However, the mistake was soon rectified; and then the silks were unrolled in good truth. By this time the shop was pretty well filled, for it was Cranford market-day, and many of the farmers and country people from the neighbourhood round came in, sleeking down their hair, and glancing shyly about from under their eyelids, as anxious to take back some notion of the unusual gaiety to the mistress or the lasses at home, and yet feeling that they were out of place among the smart shopmen and gay shawls and summer prints. One honest-looking man, however, made his way up to the counter at which we stood, and boldly asked to look at a shawl or two. The other country folk confined themselves to the grocery side; but our neighbour was evidently too full of some kind intention towards mistress, wife, or daughter, to be shy; and it soon became a question with me, whether he or Miss Matey would keep their shopman the longest time. He thought each shawl more beautiful than the last; and, as for Miss Matey she smiled and sighed over each fresh bail that was brought out; one colour set off another, and the heap together would, as she said, make the rainbow look poor.

"I am afraid whichever I choose I shall wish I had taken another. Look at this lovely crimson! it would be so warm in winter. But spring is coming on, you know. I wish I could have a gown for every season," said she, dropping her voice, as we all did in Cranford, whenever we talked of anything we wished for, but could not afford. "However," she continued in a louder and more cheerful tone, "it would give me a great deal of trouble to take care of them if I had them; so I think I'll only take one. But which must it be, my dear?" And now she hovered over a lilac with yellow spots, while I pulled out a quiet sage-green that had faded into insignificance under the more brilliant colours, but which was nevertheless a good silk in its humble way. Our attention was called off to our neighbour. He had chosen a shawl of about thirty shillings' value; and his face looked broadly happy under the anticipation, no doubt, of the pleasant surprise he should give to some Molly or Jenny at home; he had tugged a leathern purse out of his breeches pocket, and had offered a five-pound note in payment for the shawl, and for some parcels which had been brought round to him from the grocery counter; and it was just at this point that he attracted our notice. The shopman was examining the note with a puzzled, doubtful air.

"Town and County Bank! I am not sure, sir, but I believe we have received a warning against notes issued by this bank only this morning. I will just step and ask Mr. Johnson, sir; but I'm afraid I must trouble you for payment in cash, or in a note of a different bank."

I never saw a man's countenance fall so suddenly into dismay and bewilderment. It was almost piteous to see the rapid change.

"Dang it!" said he, striking his fist down on the table, as if to try which were the harder; "the chap talks as if notes and gold were to be had for the picking up."

Miss Matey had forgotten her silk gown in her interest for the man. I don't think she had caught the name of the bank, and in my nervous cowardice, I was anxious that she should not; and so I began admiring the yellow-spotted lilac gown that I had been utterly condemning only a minute before. But it was of no use.

"What bank was it? I mean what bank did your note belong to?"

"Town and County Bank."

"Let me see it," said she quietly to the shopman, gently taking it out of his hand, as he brought it back to return it to the farmer.

Mr. Johnson was very sorry, but, from information he had received, the notes issued by that bank were little better than waste paper.

"I don't understand it," said Miss Matey to me in a low voice. "That is our bank, is it not?—the Town and County Bank?"

"Yes," said I. "This lilac silk will just match the ribbons in your new cap, I believe," I continued, holding up the folds so as to catch the light, and wishing that the man would make haste and be gone; and yet having a new wonder that had only just sprung up, how far it was wise or right in me to allow Miss Matey to make this expensive purchase, if the affairs of the bank were really so bad as the refusal of the note implied.

But Miss Matey put on the soft dignified manner peculiar to her, rarely used, and yet which became her so well, and laying her hand gently on mine, she said,

"Never mind the silks for a few minutes, dear. I don't understand you, sir," turning now to the shopman, who had been attending to the farmer. "Is this a forged note?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. It is a true note of its kind; but you see, ma'am, it is a Joint Stock Bank, and there are reports out that it is likely to break. Mr. Johnson is only doing his duty, ma'am, as I am sure Mr. Dobson knows."

But Mr. Dobson could not respond to the appealing bow by any answering smile. He was turning the note absently over in his fingers, looking gloomily enough at the parcel containing the lately chosen shawl.

"It's hard upon a poor man," said he, "as earns every farthing with the sweat of his brow. However, there's no help for it. You must take back your shawl, my man; Lizzie must do on with her cloak for a while. And yon figs for the little ones—I promised them to 'em—I'll take them; but the 'bacco, and the other things—"

"I will give you five sovereigns for your note, my good man," said Miss Matey. "I think there is some great mistake about it, for I am one of the shareholders, and I'm sure they would have told me if things had not been going on right."

The shopman whispered a word or two across the table to Miss Matey. She looked at him with a dubious air.

"Perhaps so," said she. "But I don't pretend to understand business; I only know that if it is going to fail, and if honest people are to lose their money because they have taken our notes—I can't explain myself," said she, suddenly becoming aware that she had got into a long sentence with four people for audience—"only I would rather exchange my gold for the note, if you please,"·turning to the farmer, "and then you can take your wife the shawl. It is only going without my gown a few days longer," she continued, speaking to me. "Then I have no doubt everything will be cleared up."

"But if it is cleared up the wrong way," said I.

"Why! Then it will only have been common honesty in me as a shareholder to have given this good man the money. I am quite clear about it in my own mind; but, you know, I can never speak quite as comprehensibly as others can—only you must give me your note, Mr. Dobson, if you please, and go on with your purchases with these sovereigns."

The man looked at her with silent gratitude, too awkward to put his thanks into words; but he hung back for a minute or two, fumbling with his note.

"I'm loth to make another one lose instead of me, if it is a loss; but you see five pounds is a deal of money to a man with a family; and as you say, ten to one, in a day or two, the note will be as good as gold again."

"No hope of that, my friend," said the shopman.

"The more reason why I should take it," said Miss Matey quietly; she pushed her sovereigns towards the man, who slowly laid his note down in exchange. "Thank you. I will wait a day or two before I purchase any of these silks; perhaps you will then have a greater choice. My dear! will you come upstairs?"

We inspected the fashions with as minute and curious an interest as if the gown to be made after them had been bought. I could not see that the little event in the shop below had in the least damped Miss Matey's curiosity as to the make of sleeves, or the sit of skirts. She once or twice exchanged congratulations with me on our private and leisurely view of the bonnets and shawls; but I was all the time not so sure that our examination was so utterly private, for I caught glimpses of a figure dodging behind the cloaks and mantles; and, by a dexterous move, I came face to face with Miss Pole, also in morning costume (the principal feature of which was her being without teeth, and wearing a veil to conceal the deficiency), come on the same errand as ourselves. But she quickly took her departure, because she had a bad headache and did not feel herself up to conversation.

As we came down through the shop, the civil Mr. Johnson was awaiting us; he had been informed of the exchange of the note for gold, and with much good feeling and real kindness, but with a little want of tact, he wished to condole with Miss Matey, and impress upon her the real state of the case. I could only hope that he had heard an exaggerated rumour, for he said that her shares were worse than nothing, and that the bank could not pay a shilling in the pound. I was glad that Miss Matey seemed still a little incredulous; but I could not tell how much of this was real, or assumed with that self-control which seemed habitual to ladies of Miss Matey's standing in Cranford, who would have thought their dignity compromised by the slightest expression of surprise, dismay, or any similar feeling to an inferior in station, or in a public shop. However, we walked home very silently; I am ashamed to say I believe I was rather vexed and annoyed at Miss Matey's conduct in taking the note to herself so decidedly. I had so set my heart upon her having a new silk gown, which she wanted sadly; in general she was so undecided anybody might turn her round; in this case I had felt that it was no use attempting it, but I was not the less put out at the result.

Somehow, after twelve o'clock, we both acknowledged to a sated curiosity about the fashions; and to a certain fatigue of body (which was, in fact, depression of mind) that indisposed us to go out again. But still we never spoke of the note; till all at once something possessed me to ask Miss Matey if she would think it her duty to offer sovereigns for all the notes of the Town and County Bank she met with. I could have bitten my tongue out the minute I had said it. She looked up rather sadly, and as if I had thrown a new perplexity into her already distressed mind, and for a minute or two she did not speak. Then she said—my own dear Miss Matey—without a shade of reproach in her voice,

"My dear! I never feel as if my mind was what people call very strong, and it's often hard enough work for me to settle what I ought to do with the case right before me—I was very thankful to—I was very thankful that I saw my duty this morning with the poor man standing by me; but it's rather a strain upon me to keep thinking and thinking what I should do if such and such a thing happened, and I believe I had rather wait and see what really does come; and I don't doubt I shall be helped then, if I don't fidget myself, and get too anxious beforehand. You know, love, I'm not like Deborah. If Deborah had lived, I've no doubt she would have seen after them, before they had got themselves into this state."

We had neither of us much appetite for dinner, though we tried to talk cheerfully about indifferent things. When we returned into the drawing-room, Miss Matey unlocked her desk and began to look over her account-books. I was so penitent for what I had said in the morning, that I did not choose to take upon myself the presumption to suppose that I could assist her; I rather left her alone, as with puzzled brow her eye followed her pen up and down the ruled page. By and by she shut up the book, locked her desk, and came and drew a chair to mine, where I sat in moody sorrow over the fire. I stole my hand into hers; she clasped it, but did not speak a word. At last she said, with forced composure in her voice, "If that bank goes wrong, I shall lose one hundred and forty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence a year; I shall only have thirteen pounds a year left." I squeezed her hand hard and tight. I did not know what to say. Presently (it was too dark to see her face) I felt her fingers work convulsively in my grasp; and I knew she was going to speak again. I heard the sobs in her voice as she said, "I hope it's not wrong—not wicked—but oh! I am so glad poor Deborah is spared this. She could not have borne to come down in the world, she had such a noble lofty spirit."

This was all she said about the sister who had insisted upon investing their little property in that unlucky bank. We were later in lighting the candle than usual that night, and until that light shamed us into speaking, we sat together very silently and sadly.

However, we took to our work after tea with a kind of forced cheerfulness (which soon became real as far as it went), talking of that never-ending wonder, Lady Glenmire's engagement. Miss Matey was almost coming round to think it a good thing.

"I don't mean to deny that men are troublesome in a house. I don't judge from my own experience, for my father was neatness itself, and wiped his shoes on coming in as carefully as any woman; but still a man has a sort of knowledge of what should be done in difficulties, that it is very pleasant to have one at hand ready to lean upon. Now, Lady Glenmire, instead of being tossed about, and wondering where she is to settle, will be certain of a home among pleasant and kind people, such as our good Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester. And Mr. Hoggins is really a very personable man, and as for his manners, why, if they are not very polished—I have known people with very good hearts and very clever minds too, who were not what some people reckoned refined, but who were both true and tender."

She fell off into a soft reverie about Mr. Holbrook, and I did not interrupt her, I was so busy maturing a plan I had had in my mind for some days, but which this threatened failure of the bank had brought to a crisis. That night, after Miss Matey went to bed, I treacherously lighted the candle again, and sat down in the drawing-room to compose a letter to the Aga Jenkyns; a letter which should affect him, if he were Peter, and yet seem a mere statement of dry facts if he were a stranger. The church clock pealed out two before I had done.

The next morning news came, both official and otherwise, that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment. Miss Matey was ruined.

She tried to speak quietly to me; but when she came to the actual fact that she would have but about five shillings a week to live upon, she could not restrain a few tears.

"I am not crying for myself, dear," said she, wiping them away, "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know—she always cared for us so much more than for herself. But many a poor person has less; and I am not very extravagant, and, thank God, when the neck of mutton, and Martha's wages, and the rent are paid, I have not a farthing owing. Poor Martha, I think she'll be sorry to leave me.' Miss Matey smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see only the smile, not the tears.—*Household Words.*

THE DARK VALLEY......For the Standard.

Man, lighted by an earthly sun,
Views Death's unentered Valley, dark;
As, mining in Truth's well, we mark
The holy stars lit, one by one,
Showing infinitude begun,
When through deep gloaming came the spark.

One star shines out and seem alone;
But deeper night more suns reveals,
Till soon this poorer light conceals
No more the radiant stellar zone,
Circling around the central throne,
Whence, softly, glad star-music steals.

Steals on our spiritual ears,
In melodies before unfelt;
Till all earth's discords slowly melt
Into one banded hymn of spheres,
Listing which, angels, through the years
In sweet sereneness blest, have dwelt.

Watching, from purified abode,
Weak, wayward mortals, trooping on,
Now tottering—life just begun;
Now wailing roughnesses of road,
As if no pioneer e'er trode
This pathway 'neath obscuring sun.

At length, through dusk, we enter there,
And learn how one sun dims the rays
Of myriads shining in one blaze;
Glorious effulgence none may dare,
Till first they catch the efflux fair,
Slow breaking through the struggling haze.

Blest darkness! let it hover near,
And aid us to unerring sight,
In this fast-speeding, solar night:
And as life's duties grow more clear,
And, through obedience, more dear,
Guide us to dawn of highest light!

A. P. C.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE LONDON MERCHANTS.

ON Easter Monday, at half-past one o'clock, the Emperor of the French received at the Tuilleries the deputation of the merchants of London.

The Minister of State, of Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior were present.

The deputation was composed of Sir James Duke, Bart., M. P., Sir Edward N. Buxton, Bart., Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. W. Gladstone, Mr. J. D. Powles, Mr. Glyn, Mr. Dent, Mr. Barclay, and Mr. Masterman.

Sir James Duke addressed the Emperor in the following terms:

"Sire—We have the honour and the gratification to appear before your Majesty for the purpose of presenting to your Majesty, and to the French nation, a declaration from the commercial community of the metropolis of the British empire, embodying the sentiments of amity and respect by which they are animated towards their brethren of France.

"The circumstances which have called forth this declaration being fully stated in the declaration itself, bearing the signatures of upwards of 4,000 of the merchants, bankers, and traders of London, we have only to add the expression of our conviction that this document conveys at the same time a faithful representation of the feelings of the people of England at large.

"In conclusion, sire, we beg to express to your Imperial Majesty our fervent hope that, under your reign, France and England may be always united in a friendly and mutually beneficial intercourse, and that from the friendship of these two great nations' results may ensue favourable to the peace of the world and the happiness of mankind."

The hon. baronet then read the following, which he afterwards presented to his Imperial Majesty:

"DECLARATION OF THE MERCHANTS, BANKERS, TRADERS, AND OTHERS, OF LONDON.

"We, the undersigned, merchants, bankers, traders, and others, of London, feel ourselves called upon at this time publicly to express the concern with which we learn, through various channels of information, that an impression exists in the minds of the people of France that feelings of an unfriendly character are entertained towards them by the people of England.

"We think it right emphatically to declare that we believe no such feeling exists on the part of the English people towards the people of France. We believe the welfare of both nations to be closely interwoven, as well in a mutually advantageous and commercial intercourse as in a common participation in all the improvements of art and science.

"Rejoicing in the reflection that nearly forty years have passed since the final cessation of hostilities between France and England, we record our conviction that European wars should be remembered only to be deplored, for the sacrifice of life and treasure with which they were attended—the hindrance they interposed to all useful enterprise and social advancement—the angry and unchristian feelings which they evoked in their pro-gress—and the heavy financial burdens which they left behind them at their close—considerations which supply the most powerful motives to every individual in the European community to avoid, and to oppose by every means in his power, whatever may tend to cause the recurrence of such evils.

"We desire to remark, that if, in that expression of opinion on public questions which the press of this country is accustomed to exercise, it is found occasionally to speak with apparent harshness of the Government or the institutions of other States, the same is not to be understood in a spirit of national hostility, or as desiring to give offence. We feel that with the internal policy or mode of government which the French nation may think good to adopt for itself it is not for British subjects to interfere, further than heartily to desire that it may result in peace and happiness to all interested therein.

"We conclude this declaration by proclaiming our earnest desire for the long continuance of cordiality and good will between Frenchmen and Englishmen, our determination to do all in our power to uphold the same, and our fervent hope that the inhabitants of both nations may, in future, only vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace and in extending the sources of social improvement for their common benefit."

His Majesty replied in English:

"I am extremely touched by this manifestation. It confirms me in the confidence with which the good sense of the English nation has always inspired me. During the long stay I made in England I admired the liberty she enjoys—thanks to the perfection of her institutions. Nevertheless, at one period last year I feared that public opinion was misled with regard to the true state of France and her sentiments towards Great Britain. But the good faith of a great people cannot be long deceived, and the step which you now take is a striking proof of this.

"Ever since I have held power my efforts constantly tend to develop the prosperity of France. I know her interests; they are not different from those of all other civilized nations. Like you, I desire peace; and, to make it sure, I wish, like you, to draw closer the bonds which unite our two countries"

The deputation then retired.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE sacred relic recently presented by Cardinal Viole Preta to the Emperor of Austria consisted of a tooth which the Pope himself extracted from the earthly remains of St. Peter preserved at Rome!

—— A HEARTLESS BRUTE.—A Rhine paper narrates the following circumstance as having lately occurred at the town of Speyer: It appears that a weaver, known as the best rifle shot of the district, bethought him of affording a crowning proof of his unerring aim. He therefore took his rifle in one hand, and his son, twelve years old, in the other, and then, posting the boy at the end of an alley in his garden, placed an ordinary sized potatoe upon his head, retired fifteen yards, raised his weapon, aimed, fired, and cut the potatoe in two, leaving the child neither scathed nor frightened, so confident was the latter in his father possessing a charmed ball.

—— "RUINS," writes a travelling correspondent of the (London) *Morning Post*, "are the great feature of Ireland—ruins of all kinds—ruins old and ruins new—ruins of lordly castles—ruins of venerable churches—ruins of wealthy monasteries and noble abbeys—ruins of lowly cottages—ruins of times of power and wealth, long matters of history, and ruins of times of rashness, extravagance, and poverty—of undertakings commenced improvidently, and thrown aside despondingly without completion. All is ruin wherever you go; from the crumbling walls and faintly charactered tombs that tell of greatness, and absorb and delight the antiquary, to the unroofed cottages that tell of present misery, death, and emigration; that shock the man of feeling, and set the political economist theorising."

—— THE RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF NINEVEH, BABYLON, AND LONDON.—The area of Babylon was 225 square miles, that of Nineveh 216 square miles, while that of London and its environs is about 114 suuare miles, so that, with an area of little more than half that of Nineveh, the population of the latter is nearly four times greater. This may at first sight appear a disappointing calculation, considering the unanimous testimony of antiquity to the greatness of "Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen;" but we are not to frame our ideas of the eastern and ancient from the western and modern, or to look to our crowded towns and high streets as types of those arrangements which 3,000 years ago prevailed in Asia.—*Bonomi's "Nineveh and its Palaces."*

—— THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROB ROY.—His death-bed was in character with his life. When confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Raise me up," said Rob Roy to his attendants, "dress me in my best clothes, tie on my arms, place me in my chair. It shall never be said that Rob Roy Macgregor was seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy." His wishes were executed, and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. When he had departed, the dying chief exclaimed, "It is all over now—put me to bed—call in the piper, and let him play. He was obeyed—he died, it is said, before the air was finished. His tempestuous life was closed at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg (the scene, afterwards, of his son's frightful crimes), in the Braes of Balquhidder. He died in 1735, and his remains repose in the parish churchyard, beneath a stone upon which some admirer of this extraordinary man has carved a sword. His funeral is said to have been attended by all ranks of people, and a deep regret was expressed for one whose character had much to recommend it to the regard of Highlanders.

—— DAY'S BLACKING.—Every one who has risen to eminence from a humble station can, if he will take the trouble, point to the precise period in his life when a change was unexpectedly wrought in his favour; and if he examines closely, he will find it associated with some trivial circumstance, or caused by some humble instrument. One morning a poor old soldier called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and, unless he could get a lift, on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir!" said the veteran, astonished at the amount. "How can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket; "it is a receipt for making blacking; it is the best that was ever seen, many a half guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles I have sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to the poor soldier!" That dirty piece of paper was the receipt for the renowned Day and Martin's blacking; and that hairdresser was the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the ornaments of London, and whose palace in the Regents-park rivals in magnificence the mansions of the nobility.—"*How to make Money.*"

—— THE MADIAI.—Francesco and Rosa Madiai are now at Marseilles. They were not allowed by the Tuscan authorities to communicate with any of their friends, and were sent on board very thinly clad, not being even permitted to take some clothing which was waiting for them at an hotel. Some English gentlemen, learning their destitute situation, sent them some clothing. Rosa Madiai appears a very intelligent and interesting woman, but the mind of her poor husband is apparently gone. They are travelling under the assumed name of Francesco and Rosa Paulini, and were not allowed to land at Marseilles before the Tuscan Consul had communicated with them. They are uncertain as to their future movements, but will, no doubt, soon visit England.

The British Chaplain at Leghorn writes of Francesco Madiai: "His mind appears to be greatly shaken, 'the iron has entered into his soul,' and, in a protracted conversation with him yesterday (the 19th), I discerned with pain, many unmistakeable symptoms of mental disease, which afford ground for great apprehension. Rosa Madiai is well, and her mind (as all who know her can testify) is even more vigorous than her body. She is a woman who commands the respect, as well as excites the sympathy of all who have the privilege to converse with her."

—— THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON.—One of the most remarkable effects of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (says the London *Inquirer*), has been to make the inhabitants of countries where there is no nominal Slavery, conscious of the presence of great social evils almost worthy of that name. Several correspondents of the *Times* have lately been engaged in depicting the shameful treatment of milliners' apprentices; one of the writers proposing that the ladies of England, with the Duchess of Sutherland at their head, should refuse to give their patronage to any houses in which the twelve hour system was not strictly adhered to. The *Times* thus sketches the scenes of misery which exist in the most fashionable quarters of luxurious London:

"The young female slaves of whom we speak are worked in gangs in ill-ventilated rooms, or rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience that, if air be admitted, it brings with it 'blacks' of another kind, which damage the work upon which the seamstresses are employed. Their occupation is to sew from morning till night and night till morning—stitch, stitch, stitch, without pause—without speech—without a smile—without a sigh. In the grey of the morning they must be at work—say at six o'clock—having a quarter of an hour allowed for breaking their fast. The food served out to them is scanty and miserable enough, but still, in all probability, more than their fevered system can digest. We do not, however, wish to make out a case of starvation; the suffering is of another kind—equally dreadful of endurance. From 6 o'clock, then, till 11 it is stitch, stitch. At 11 a small piece of dry bread is served to each seamstress. but still she must stitch on. At 1 o'clock twenty minutes are allowed for dinner—a slice of meat and a potato, with a glass of toast-and-water to each workwoman. Then again to work—stitch, stitch—until 5 o'clock, when 15 minutes are again allowed for tea. The needles are then set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until 9 o'clock, when 15 minutes are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread and cheese, and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night until one, two, and *three* o'clock in the morning, stitch, stitch; the only break in this long period being a minute or two—just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied lest the young people should 'feel sleepy.' At three o'clock A. M. to bed; at 6 o'clock A. M. out of it again to resume the duties of the following day. There must be a good deal of monotony in the occupation. But when we have said that for certain months of the year these unfortunate young persons are worked in the manner we describe, we have not said all. Even during the few hours allotted to sleep—should we not rather say to a feverish cessation from toil? their miseries continue. They are cooped up in sleeping-pens, ten in a room which would perhaps be sufficient for the accommodation of two persons. The alternation is from the treadmill—and what a treadmill! to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Not a word of remonstrance is allowed, or is possible. The seamstresses may leave the mill, no doubt, but what awaits them on the other side of the door? starvation if they be honest—if not, in all probability prostitution and its consequences."